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"It's time to treat ourselves to some civilization."

Editorial Foreword

"It's time to treat ourselves to some civilization." This observation is said to summarize the philosophy of Miss Frances Perkins as Secretary of Labor of the United States. Civilization in this connection obviously does not refer to skyscrapers and to art museums, to the façades and the citadels of our wealth, but to conditions of work which make it possible for the willing laborer to obtain a decent satisfaction out of life. Our new Secretary of Labor has long believed that the sweatshop interior of our industrial life is incongruous with our protestations of civilization and, in view of our national wealth and our national idealism, a stupid and unnecessary evil. Whatever the accomplishment of NRA, Miss Perkins is determined that out of this mighty effort in national co-operation shall come, not only a distribution of new jobs, but more civilized working conditions for those who have jobs.

Whatever the results NRA may accomplish in aiding national recovery, NRA has already justified itself on moral grounds. The abolition of child labor, for which reformers have striven for a generation, has come about under the Act almost overnight. By indirection, the Act has done something which is still more important: It has raised the question, "Has labor a moral or a legal right to a living wage?" Has the employee as great a right to a wage that will enable him to support a small family in good health without undue worry as the investor has to a fair return on his capital which he has placed in a profitable enterprise? Statistics indicate that over a period of time national wealth in America increases at the rate of four per cent per annum. At what per cent of profit above that figure in any individual business should dividends and the accumulation of surplus give way to wages?

And wages are no longer a question of morals but a necessity for the healthy continuance of industry. The Depression has taught us to be consumption-conscious instead of production-conscious. Only by placing purchasing power and the desire for better standards of living in the hands of the many can we continue the demand to absorb the supply produced by the accelerating efficiency of industry. In effect, NRA tells the employer that he must provide a living wage in order to produce profits.

II

In an article in this issue of the Forum, Miss Lauren Gilfillan relates her experience as employee in New York City in two stores of one of the largest retail chain-store companies in America. It is not a pleasant picture. She and the employees with whom she

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was associated can hardly be said to have received wages that relieved them from worry about the necessities of life. The working conditions were so tense and relentless that their feet were continually sore and their nerves too frazzled by night for healthy sleep. One wonders how many were driven to abnormal forms of relaxation. Yet conditions for work in the stores described by Miss Gilfillan are probably above the average obtaining before NRA spread its wings over American industry. How little advance they register over labor in prisons, how little over the sweat of the toilers on the pyramids of ancient Egypt! Certainly they do not reflect what we believe to be civilization in America to-day nor the dreams for our future prophesied by the Chicago Exposition.

III

Now CONTRAST Miss Gilfillan's experience as an employee in this type of retail establishment with the brilliant business achievement of the largest company operating in the field. So ably was F. W. Woolworth & Company managed during the depression that its net earnings in 1930, 1931, and 1932 were respectively $3.56, $4.24, and $2.27 per share. The dividends paid in those years were proportionate: $2.40, $4.40, and $2.40. The par value of each of the 9,750,000 shares of capital stock outstanding is $10. In other words, the company is earning and is paying its stockholders 24 per cent on the par value of their stock. It is a well-managed business following established American traditions.

Let us take the Woolworth Company as an instance of the possibilities under NRA of increasing the consumption power of labor by increasing the number of jobs, the hours of leisure for spending, and the size of the pay envelope, all three. Woolworth operates nearly two thousand of the familiar Five-and-ten-cent stores in the United States, Canada, and elsewhere. Assume that Woolworth had paid a dividend of only $1.20 a share in 1932, and the stockholders had thus received only 12 per cent on the par value of their holdings, instead of 24 per cent. The considerable sum of $11,700,000 would have thus been diverted. Assume again that 1,900 stores were in operation and that the sum of $6,150 was allocated to each store for wage increases. If each store had exactly twenty employees, each one of them would have received about $308 additional for the year, which amounts to about six dollars extra per employee per week. This calculation is based upon a mere conjecture as to the number of employees, but it will serve to illustrate a principle which may now be permanently legislated into the American system. Of course, such a distribution of large profits would not be confined to pay increases, but would provide shorter hours, more and more carefully selected employees, a relaxation of excessive hurry, and a more cheerful environment for the day's work.

NRA is not seeking to take the profits out of industry. It is seeking to set up throughout the nation a spirit and practice of cooperation that will give every adult citizen an opportunity to earn a living wage. No one can estimate the consumptive power realized by an era of fair reward for labor and of goodwill. Who knows, if such a distribution of big profits as that suggested in the case of Woolworth were made, if such a practice were followed generally by retailers throughout the nation, but that before the completion of the circle of readjustment Woolworth would see its sales mounting so rapidly that, willy-nilly, this ably managed company would find its profits again soaring considerably above the present approximation of 25 per cent on outstanding capital stock.

Curtailment of dividends may seem hard on stockholders, but in the long run the public who own our corporations will have to make up any net deficiency of living wages. The right of every American citizen to health and sustenance is now established in American tradition. We stockholders must find a way to provide him with a job, instead of being forced, through taxes, to feed him a dole.

NRA, like all great-hearted human undertakings, is riddled with error; but I believe its net result will be a little more civilization. America is at a beginning, not an ending. Let us establish a living wage this century — next century a cultural wage! We are about to embellish and fill in the rather empty shell of our civilization.

Henry Goddard Leach

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WHAT RELIGION MEANS TO ME

BY PEARL S. BUCK

Drawing by Karl Woerner

NOTHING IS more commonplace in our times than to decry the value of religion and even to deny it any place in the scheme of modern life. Everywhere, one hears remarks made that religion is no longer of any practical value, that churches are dead, that the youth of the country is without religion, that Christianity has lost its meaning. Certainly, observation leads one to conclude that these are truisms. So-called religion seems, indeed, to have no longer any practical value. It effects, apparently, no important reforms in social or political life, and its chief place in the news of the day is when some scandal is found in connection with it. True, brief résumés of the sermons given by well-known ministers are to be found in the Monday papers, but it is doubtful that many persons read them, except, perhaps, the ministers themselves.

Whether churches are dead or not would, however, require more knowledge than I have to decide. On the whole, I have been impressed with the number of persons coming out of churches at Sunday noontime. But I have been more impressed, when I have looked at these crowds, to see how few of them were young or mentally vigorous looking persons, and I am afraid I have not always been much impressed or enlightened, either mentally or spiritually, by the sermons I have heard. Indeed, it has seemed to me sometimes, when I have gone especially to hear some man of note, that the very pulpit has had a stultifying influence upon him. Where in lay life he is humorous, vigorous, hearty, fearless, in the pulpit he becomes pedantic, academic, theoretical, cautious. Once I accused a certain minister of this change that took place in him every Sunday morning, and he said, "That is the effect of the man in the pew. I know he is listening sharply to hear if what I say is what he wants to hear. I have to pay heed to him, because if he hears that with which he cannot agree, he will cut down his contribution. I might endure that for myself and even for my family, but there is the whole work of the church to suffer, both home and foreign missions. There are many persons except myself involved."

One has sympathy with such a point of view, to a certain extent, although I doubt the man in the pew has any idea he is so formidable. On

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the contrary, he is usually a rather confused and humble person, really trying to find something helpful. But I say, one has sympathy with such a point of view. After one is past the idealism of youth, one knows that moral courage is very closely connected indeed with economics. Honesty is easy in times of prosperity. It is very hard in times of depression. Long ago, Bacon said something about the man with wife and children having given hostages to fortune. But more discouraging than this is the common acceptance of the belief that religion is only in churches. The people in the churches believe this. They think of themselves as the only organizations of religion. People outside the churches believe it and hasten to disclaim any relation to religion and to explain their good works on any basis rather than that of religion.

What Is Religion?

It seems to me nothing can be farther away from truth than this belief. To accept it means a complete misunderstanding of the spirit of true religion. For the spirit of true religion is a strange one. It is a winged and independent spirit, blowing as the wind listeth, Christ once said. It easily escapes us. Time and again, when men have thought they held it fast, imprisoned for all time, shaped into a visible body, it has escaped into the wilderness, into the desert, into mountain places, into cities of men, among poor and humble people, and has lived there without being suspected or discovered, and its worshipers worshiped for a long time its dead body without knowing it was dead. And the places and the people who had the live spirit did not even know they had it, nor dreamed that the spirit of true religion was in such as they. Indeed, they have so often been outcast and held heretic that usually they have become the humblest of persons in heart.

So did the spirit of true religion escape out of Hinduism into the person of Buddha. So did the true spirit escape out of the church of the Sadducees and the Pharisees into the person of Jesus Christ. So did the spirit escape out of the monasteries and out of the organized religion of the middle centuries. So is the spirit escaping again to-day out of the churches and out of the seats of formal religion.

But because the spirit escapes from the body which has been put upon it, the spirit is not dead. Rather it is more living than ever. When we say that religion is dead to-day, that Christianity is without meaning for the present age, we are only unobservant. Again we have not seen that the spirit is only flown once more out of its body grown too small. We have not seen that it is living and not dead. What we are doing is looking at the dead body, the churches attended by elderly and dying people, the foreign missions supported by a passing generation, preaching an unbelieved creed, and we cry out, sometimes with regret, sometimes gladly, "It is over. Religion is dead."

Religion has been a detriment, men have said, to progress. Every revolutionary party in every country has had its hour of crying out that religion has been an anodyne, an opiate, for the suffering people. It has been accused of more wars, perhaps, than any other one cause. It has been called a divisive influence, evil in its general effect upon history. It has been, in short, accused of every evil in its time. And yet, I rather think that what has done the evil has not been religion at all, but that dead body which men have worshiped. It was the belief in the dead body which was the opiate. Men worshiping the dead body said drearily, "There is no good thing in life. Life is only sad and grievous, and a thing to be passed through quickly with eyes fixed on some future good." So thinking, they turned their eyes away from present evils, from little children oppressed, from the poor and downtrodden, from every social crime. They turned themselves away even from the joys of life, from glorious life, and called joy evil — incredibly, they did not love life, lest it turn their thoughts away from their hope of heaven!

Men worshiping the dead body have quarreled even over that body. They have made denominations and creeds and have argued over the absurdities of modes of baptism and the partaking of morsels of bread and wine and over gowns and choirs and all manner of dead things. They have even carried these dead things into many parts of the world, under the illusion that they were dispensing eternal life: at times, they thought, the sole life for eternity of the world — as though eternal life, the life of all the magnificent universe, could be caught and held in a net of words made by men!

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In the name of that flown spirit men have so glorified these dead bodies. But they were still dead. It makes me think of a folk belief in some parts of China, where it is thought that after the souls depart out of a human body — the souls, which are the body's enlightened and guiding intelligence and spirit — there remains in that body still a sort of dreadful, unintelligent, cruel life, the life of the earthy spirits yet bound into the flesh until they be released from it. It is believed that the body then is capable of the most inhuman and wicked tricks of malevolence, simulating life and yet not alive, the flesh unguided by the spirit. So may the religious impulse of men become confused when the true and guiding spirit has left the body, and in the name of that spirit untrue and unworthy deeds may be committed, even as we see them committed this day. And some men, seeing this, cry out against churches and priests and against missions and against all those organized and well-recognized forms of religion; and there are those who despair because they think true religion is dead; and they grieve, because they remember a certain good that once came from true and undefiled religion, when those dead bodies were made living by the spirit newly come into them.

Yet despair and grief are not necessary. True religion is not dead. It is only to be looked for anew in other bodies, living bodies, since it never stays with death. So long as men are born and aspire and suffer and accept life and strive to understand it rightly, religion can live. For religion is, in the first place, to use old and yet meaningful words, the soul's sincere desire toward unity with God. What God may be, none know. God is a name for that which we cannot know. But it is more than a mere name. What God is we may not know. Whether he is an entity outside the spirit of mankind, or not, one cannot know. I think it does not matter if God is found one day to be not as many have believed him to be, a spirit separate from ours. He may be made up of some quality, some spirit force, some essence of the spirit of mankind. We cannot know. What God is we may not know, but we can be aware of unity with that spirit and of living in its presence or out of it. There is none of us, I think, who has not been conscious of hours, moments, perhaps days and even years, when our souls have been made tranquil by a certain high way of life we have chosen for ourselves as being the best we know; and then when we have departed from that way, uncertainty and intranquillity have come. I suppose, individually, religion may be defined as the highest life of the soul, that is, the soul's firm determination to find its highest relation to the universe and live there in that relation; and that in the second place, this individual soul, in its relation to the universe, must take into consideration its relation also to its fellows. For I do not believe any individual religion can find even its highest individual attainment without such consideration to others. The religion, therefore, of the hermit can scarcely be complete even in an individual sense, since it omits part of the universe, that part which is comprehended in man's relation to man.

A Formalized Faith

But it is not my purpose here to go into a discussion of religion. I define it thus loosely only that we may know when it has passed away from any organized body. When an individual or a group of individuals — although one must always question group religion — has ceased to search for the highest it knows in personal completion and becomes satisfied with, or at least allows itself to become inert in, a set of formal experiences and beliefs which do not change with its own development and need, or with the development and need of society, religion is gone. When, in addition to this, there is complete ignoring of the relation of the soul toward others less fortunate and less able to bear life, death is complete.

One sees the religious impulse working in two ways in people, depending upon the temperament of the person, the first with the emphasis on the personal side, and finding through that intimate and lonely development a deeper understanding of, and pity for, humanity; or else with the emphasis on the understanding of, and pity for, humanity, and finding through that understanding and pity the higher personal development. But these two aspects of the soul's life must be present, and the soul goes halting and lame if there is only the one. If both be gone, the soul dies.

And when one discovers the church, the mission, any religious body, or any individual car-

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ing nothing for deeper and finer thinking and feeling and being, and caring little or nothing for human conditions in the world, one must look elsewhere for the soul, the spirit, which has flown.

So it is that to-day one finds that spirit in many strange and unexpected places, and working in its twofold life. The life which once was so vivid and strong within the church, in the days when a few people gathered together secretly and fervently, rebels against the established order in the days when to believe in the strange new religion was treason — to-day that life is found in other groups, often outside the church, or if within, then often in the disfavored minority. For as the church is losing its missionary strength, it is becoming self-absorbed and formal in its religious routine and it is losing also that passion for spreading what it believes. There may be many processes of death, self examination, trials for heresy, the setting up of a creed by which all must stand or fall, most of all, self-satisfaction. The spirit is passing out of the dead body into fresh hearts, which are eager and searching for new truth and cannot be confined by words and past beliefs of generations gone.

The Religious Spirit To-day

And where has the spirit of true religion flown to-day? It is to be found, I think, for one thing, in the many revolutionary movements of this present time. I have watched the revolution gather and grow in China and I have seen the youth there impelled by their religion of idealism, of belief in freedom of their country and in the freedom of the individual and in the equality of all men and women. These ideals are part of true religion. In the old days our forefathers left home and country to assert the right of the soul to be free. In their day it happened to be the right to freedom in creed; in our day it is again the right to freedom, to freedom in beliefs of many sorts: the right of children to happiness and time for play and education; the right of women to equality with men; the rights of employees in relation to employers; the rights of all simple and inarticulate people. In the vanguard of these new freedoms are the ideals, now visible, which will give people freedom from economic worry and cares for which they are not responsible. We are dreaming of leisure for everyone and of teaching people how to use that leisure happily. All the nobility and the fearlessness which one day went into the formulating of bold new creeds are to-day going into yet other bold new creeds, built upon old ones, into declarations against war and against oppression of weaker nations. These are struggling and unaccomplished ideals, but they are living, and the spirit of religion is there, the spirit of the individual who does not fear to suffer for his beliefs, even as in the old days he was thrown to the lions because he was a Christian. The passion of the martyr is to-day expressed in the passion of the explorer into science, in the worker in research for the prevention and cure of cancer and tuberculosis and mental deficiency and a score of other curses to humanity. And that passion is all the more holy because it is not spent in hope of heaven for an individual soul, but rather in making happier the lives of many other people, here and now.

In fact, far from being discouraged about religion, I am amazed at all the religion I see everywhere. I see busy men and women in communities taking time to organize community chests for the poor, relief for the jobless, improvement in slums. It cannot be said, either, that such work is empty social service, for such service, any service for others, has its reflex effect. It deepens perforce the person who performs it. There is such a thing as empty social service, and this is the service rendered by people who are paid to do it, who are professionals, and earn their living by the suffering of others. But I am speaking not of these. I am speaking rather of those men and women who cannot endure the suffering of others, who feel it as their own suffering and who give out of their own longing to see the world better. Whether they are professionally religious or not has nothing to do with it. They have the living spirit of religion, even though its name is not that of any known denomination. There are such persons, such groups of persons, unconnected with any orthodox religious body, who have gone sympathetically into foreign countries, have lived there, endeavoring in every possible way to share the good they know. Such groups maintain notable work in a spirit of the fairest co-operation, work not labeled religious, but which is most truly

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religious in its deep expression of the belief in the right of humanity to the good which any have above others.

The Religion of Communism

Now this belief in the right of humanity to share in all known good is of course nothing but that old impulse called missionary. Christ expressed it very succinctly when he bade his disciples go into all the world and preach the gospel. A good many very sincere Christians have limited two words in that command, the word "preach" and the word "gospel." Without looking, or at least not connecting these two words with the rest of Christ's philosophy, they have accepted them in a literal, word-of-mouth sense. The result has been what is to be seen sometimes on any mission field to-day — where such an interpretation is used — a dead body and the spirit gone. But the spirit is working abroad in the world. It is working in all sorts of unexpected places. I am not a Communist, but I see that spirit working in Communism. There are those who believe Communism is anti-religious. To me it is a movement deeply religious. It is open in its hatred against the dead body of religion, but all unknowing, the spirit of religion is in it working, often through very crude means, forcing men into a sort of religion which is fierce in its affirmation of the two great religious principles: the right of the individual soul to its freedom in fullest completion of relation to the universe and the right of every soul to share in the goods of life, both material and non-material.

A very strong evidence of this religious quality which is in Communism is of course in its missionary impulse. It is most interesting and significant to see how similar is this impulse in young Communists to that same impulse in Christian missionaries, particularly of the old school. The very phraseology is the same I used to hear when I was a child. Substitute for the Christian names the names of the Russian revolution, substitute only a few nouns, and the verbs and adjectives are the same. Indeed, even the Communist heaven seems the same, certainly at least as remote as the Christian heaven and lying as far away in eternity! But the spirit is identical. Put the Christian missionary beside the Communist missionary, take away the pulpit and the soap box, put asterisks in place of a few nouns, and see how similar their looks and words are, their emotions, their zeal. There is, of course, one vast difference. The Christian of the same school as the Communist thinks first of souls, and the saving of bodies as secondary, if necessary at all, and the Communist thinks, or professes to think, of bodies first. As a matter of fact, it is the soul in which the Communist is the more interested, or to use a more modern term than soul, in the mind and its beliefs and ideas. Certainly the two creeds are equally narrow and equally intolerant, and, unless the Communist body is enlarged, the spirit will fly from it as surely as it has flown from other bodies which will not grow to match the spirit.

But there are manifestations of this spirit working often in places not labeled so clearly as the Communists are. For myself I value, above all, the work of such unlabeled bodies. I have come to distrust labels. I distrust the professional religionist, the professional doer of good works, the professional believer in some creed or other, the agitator in any movement, however good. The creed of the sincere and quiet soul need be but a very simple one to comprehend much — all that is needed. I believe in the constant, yearning aspiration of the soul toward that great unknown good whom I call God. I believe in the right of every human being to enjoy all that I enjoy, and it is my work in life to see that he is at least offered the chance so to enjoy if he will. But articulate or not — and a creed need not be articulate in words if it is articulate in life — the real creed must be living, that is, lived out. For where the soul of religion is gone out of a body, that body can still go on repeating creeds week by week, coming at last to mere gabble, without thinking what even the words mean. This is all worthless.

No, I am not discouraged. I see religion today working like a ferment in a thousand ways, and it does not matter that it is not called religion and it matters less that it is denied the name of religion even by the professional religionists. I see the spirit of religion working in the minds of young men and women, idealists, as all true spirits are. It seems to me I have never seen less selfishness and more interest in the welfare of everyone than I see now. I see it

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working in the determination of those who long and endeavor to smooth away inequalities of race. I have been impressed with those, particularly in this country, both Negro and white, who are facing intelligently and calmly the great disunity of race in this country. I see it in a new spirit of humility, which no longer boasts of America as the richest and greatest country in the world, able to stand aloof from all other nations, but which realizes that none of us can afford to be richer than everyone else, nor ought to be, and that we ought to share the burdens of the weak, and there is that which even we can be taught. I see it in the keenest minds in every country and of the world, few of whom are devoted to selfishness rather than to the solution of international questions on a basis of fairness and equality. In the old days those minds were Napoleons bent on empire. To-day they are Macdonalds and Roosevelts, planning together how to divide the burden and multiply the goods of the world.

A Universal Desire

And these things are essentially religious. That is, they are the expression of souls striving toward an order of unity and peace, which alone can give harmony to the spirit. This is to be united to God. In the old days our fathers said, "Give your heart to God. Believe, and you shall be saved." That same creed holds to-day, but in its new form. We are not so sure of the likeness of God's image, perhaps, but we are sure of the supreme greatness of goodness, which is the essence of God. Give your heart to goodness, which is to give it to God, believe in that life which flows from such giving, and you are saved already.

There is indeed a spirit abroad to-day, a spirit of understanding and of humanity. One finds it everywhere, among many kinds of people, in small ways and large. It is nameless, perhaps, although it has in the past been called by many names. It is the most valuable, the most unexplainable, at once the most mystic and the most evident thing in our human life, evident to any eye that really sees life whole and with penetration and understanding. I try, as I think, to catch it and put it into words. I cannot, I know. It is too big for me, too big for any one human being. None of us can contain it all, see it all, or understand it all. Each of us, if he has any of it, can have but a fragment of it, a touch of its flame. I seem to feel it, now when I think of it, as a great foundation force, as fundamental as electricity and as little understood, a sort of upthrust, a sort of desire toward pure goodness in every heart. It is true we are so limited by weakness of body and of mind, by the very nature of our being, that we cannot even agree on what goodness is. We express our idea of goodness in vastly differing ways, and what seems goodness to me is not goodness to another. Yet it seems to me this does not matter at all. What may be common is this desire of every soul to *be* its best, and I believe this desire *is* in every soul — its best in a personal sense, that is, to live and believe so as to have a sense of rightness with the universe and with other souls, to be of use, to find life complete and full. This desire of the soul, this flame, this eagerness, this inability to be supine and content with the mere flesh, this urge and lift and spur which drives us all, if we will but let it, into deeper and deeper living, profounder thinking, more fearless action, is the very spirit of life for the soul, that is, true religion. When a soul has it, it lives. When it has it not, though the body live, it is dead and without life, because there is no soul. Look into hundreds of faces you pass on the street and you will see many among them dead or dying. The dying ones are still restless and discontented and afraid, all still able to feel themselves incomplete and unhappy, yet not knowing how to find completeness. The dead ones have not even this yearning any more, only hopelessness. Who was it said, "Three-fourths of the men and women in the world live their lives in a state of quiet desperation"? It is true — particularly to-day.

Yet there are others everywhere caught up into a sort of light. They have found something, usually something to do, because, after all, most of us are very simple people, something they think is worth doing because it is *good*, and when they are doing it they are happier, and life has meaning, and they feel complete. And through this they are swept, as they are able, one by one, into the stream of a sort of force which none can stay and none compel and none can confine into any church or creed. It is the spirit of true religion, free again and moving in the lives of men and women.

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WEARY FEET

BY LAUREN GILFILLAN

In order to find out at first hand the exact conditions under which girls work in the New York retail stores which serve a cheap class of trade, Miss Lauren Gilfillan, a recent graduate of Smith College, secured employment in two five-and-ten-cent stores. Here is the unembellished account of her experience. The Editor of THE FORUM believes that this is an important document because it faithfully portrays a situation which was all too common before the advent of the mystic symbol, NRA.

IN LATE July and early August, I spent eleven days working, first as salesgirl and then as waitress at the lunch counter, in five-and-ten-cent stores.

Uptown, in a big store where I was a salesgirl, I worked for eight days, including two Saturdays. As I was on a "part-time shift," my hours were from 12:00 until 6:00; on Saturdays, 12:00 until 10:00 at night, with an hour and a quarter off for dinner. In a six-day week I actually received $6.81 for 37¾ hours' work. Although this store opened at 9:00 o'clock in the morning, the girls came on at various times — some at 8:45 (to prepare stock) and some at 9:25. And there were others on a short shift, like mine.

If I had worked six days from 9:00 until closing time, my week's pay would presumably have been $9.

Downtown, my hours were from 8:45 in the morning until 6:30 at night; on Saturdays the store closed at 6:00. I worked three days, including Saturday, and I received less than $5 for three days' work. If I had been able to last out the full week of 53½ working hours, I believe I would have received $10.

It was not easy to get a job this summer — even in the five-and-ten . . .

When I walked into the big store uptown, one Saturday this summer, I knew I was going to the desk in the rear, where I would ask a gray-haired woman with a tired face if she were taking anybody on. She would look up and shake her head. Then I would walk out.

But this time it didn't happen that way. The gray-haired woman pointed to a man in a gray jacket, standing near and talking rapidly to a girl. ". . . when you didn't show up we were short of hands and had to do without you; I'm afraid we can't take you back . . ."

"Ask Mr. Sedgwick," said the woman behind the desk.

Mr. Sedgwick said he could take me on right away. What was more, I would have an all-day job!

Preliminaries of registration came, and an arithmetic test (nine problems).

I became "Rosie," Number 71. Mr. Sedgwick took me to the cosmetics counter and told a floorgirl to explain the rules to me. She was Jewish, with a large, scarlet mouth; a chamois moneybag dangled from her arm. Concisely she recited:

> *Always* test the money by ringing it on the register; *always* ring up the money and give back the change before wrapping up a package; *always* check the number of a bill with the list of counterfeit money attached to the register; *never* register more than a dollar without ringing for the floorgirl for an ok; *never* change more than a dollar. Ring for the floorgirl and hold up your hand until she brings you change; when you make a mistake on the cash register, *always* report at once, and the floorgirl will write you an error slip. Too many errors will count against you, so be careful! Now do you understand?

I summoned enough courage to articulate: "I don't know how to work a cash register."

"What! Never ran a register? Here." Ting-a-ling. Ting-a-ling. "You watch her, May. I gotta hurry."

May's pallid, immobile face turned toward me, but she continued counting change into a customer's hand. Bertha, at the other end of the counter, smiled. "You wait on the customers at this end," she said.

I looked at the ring of women. Some were

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bent closely over the counter. Some stood flabbily with an air of irritated patience, holding merchandise for our attention. "Here, Miss." I saw a box of powder and a dime. I took them.

Up and down the narrow aisle behind the counter we walked, swiftly and incessantly, bumping into each other and into the boxes of stock on the floor. I knew I was slow. And I couldn't remember all the rules — especially after my feet began to hurt.

"How you comin'?" Bertha spoke in my ear as she slid past.

"I think I made an error. I rang up ten cents instead of fifteen."

"Oh, my goodness! Ring the bell quick!" Ding-ding-ding. "Hold up your hand."

The floorgirl appeared, radiating suppressed annoyance. "Number 71?" She wrote an error slip with quick jabs of the pencil, pushed the slip into the register, slammed it shut, and hurried off.

"Don't be so nervous," Bertha said. "Take your time. You got to save your energy in a job like this. The first week I was a nervous wreck. But you get used to it."

"My feet hurt."

"Poor kid. Your first day! Mine do, too."

So I began my job. I learned a good many things, although I never did learn what kind of shoes would keep my feet in only moderate pain during the long hours behind the crowded counter. For a blessed, unexpected moment there was no one to wait on, and I stood still in blissful unconsciousness, doing nothing, thinking nothing, wanting nothing. But Bertha put an end to this.

"Don't stand there, lookin' as if you was doin' nothin'," she said warningly. "Pretend like you was busy fixin' stock. Like this." She straightened a ragged row of eyebrow pencils. "You got to keep busy. They're always watchin'."

Obediently, I straightened a row of nail files. "Who's watching?"

"Oh-h . . . floorwalkers, floorgirls, shoppers, manager, assistant manager — whoever's around. There's a new guy in the store, too. I think a kind of assistant manager. I'll point him out to you when I see him next. You wanta look out fer him." Thereafter, whenever I could get my mind off my feet, I had a grotesque consciousness of secret, unknown eyes on me — watching my every movement from some unseen vantage point.

We were permitted a ten-minute rest period during the afternoon. *Exactly* ten minutes, the floorgirl explained. No purse in the restroom; only powder and lipstick. In the washroom, girls were applying make-up and combing their hair. I was thirsty. My fingers trembled so with nervousness and exhaustion that I dropped the glass, smashing it. The matron hobbled up. "Another glass broke? Minnie'll sure be sore." (Minnie had charge of the glassware counter.) "Too many glasses broken lately. Mr. Sedgwick was complainin'." There didn't seem to be another glass around, so I went without my drink.

In an adjoining room the matron was sweeping the floor and talking to two girls who had taken off their shoes and were sprawled on the couch, legs dangling wearily over the edge. ". . . in the old days when I was clerkin' on the counter . . . the store wasn't so big then . . . we all knowed everybody else . . . how our hats got all jammed in together an' we couldn't locate nothin' . . . the good old days . . ."

"You must have been here a long time. How much do you get?" I asked the matron.

"Figger it out fer yourself. How much do we all make?"

That was easy. Somewhere between $8 and $12. And she had been here since the "old days." Then she was saying, "Your ten minutes is more than up." I ran.

II

Sent to Counter 9 to straighten stock, I draped handkerchiefs over an elaborate wooden framework at one end of the counter. The gray-haired woman at the desk, passing by, looked at it, sneering slightly. "Well, what's this new-fangled thing? Wouldn't it get yuh? Some modern idea of Mr. Harmon's. Thinks he'll get promoted to buyer, I bet. Dream on!"

From there I moved to Counter 3 — notions — and on to others, feet numb from dashing back and forth in the ceaseless Saturday rush — no lunch, but too exhausted to be hungry. An older woman at one counter moved with perfect economy of effort. I knew she never made a mistake and that she was always

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aware of what I was doing and of my mistakes. I wanted to know about her. So I snatched a second to ask her name.

"I'm married. But here in the store they call me 'Miss Madden.' I've been in the store longer than anybody here — seven years."

"You must make a lot, if you've worked here so long," I remarked without conviction.

She shrugged. "I'm the highest paid saleslgirl." (I later learned that she earned $12 a week.)

A minute later I couldn't resist saying, "I wouldn't work if I had a husband." Miss Madden turned her back and wrapped coat-hangers with unnecessary vigor. No answer. Ten minutes after she spoke abruptly:

"I don't work for love."

The clamor of the store beat into my ears like the reverberations in a great boiler. Lights flashed on — glistering white. Heat shimmered in waves, and my light-headed imagination fancied layers of sound rippling fiercely over me. Somebody extricated me from a suffocating whirlpool of customers, and a bodiless voice said, "You get an hour off for dinner."

The steaming washroom was strident with girls' voices. The sight of smeared rouge made me sick. My comb fell from my fingers into a half-filled bowl. I reached to retrieve it. "Look out! That's lye!" I pulled back my hand. "It don't run out fast." I waited my turn to wash my face but I felt little cleaner when I saw the common towel I was to use. I started to ask about it:

"Isn't there a law . . . ?" But the girl wasn't listening.

The Saturday night rush . . . heat . . . the hottest night of the summer . . . seas of women . . . pushing . . . heaving . . . crowding . . . pushing . . . perspiration dripping onto stock . . . soiling it . . . my feet . . . no longer existent . . . fortunately . . . customers . . . asking me how I stood it . . . I wanted to laugh . . . I didn't. . . . Time and motion had long ceased to be — there was only roaring mechanism. And then — incredibly — the lights dimmed off and on. Floor-walkers were urging reluctant customers toward the door. Frantic women were ravishing the counter and screaming for service. At last the bell. "Don't think we don't have to clean up after this!" the other girl at my counter muttered bitterly. Miss Madden was laying big sheets of paper over the goods on the counter. A broom was put in my hands and I swept at the ankle-deep debris on the floor. The fire bucket was put out. I stood still.

"*Well*, instead of standin' there, get busy straightenin' things up!" That bloodthirsty floorgirl again!

"How much does she make?" I asked the other girl.

"Ten dollars, probably."

III

THE GIRLS were always being moved around and I had few opportunities to know many of them. There was the Greek girl I spoke to one night in the washroom. I asked her what her salary was — $9. "You don't have to live on it, though," I said. Her clothes were too nice.

"Sure. Me and my mother."

"But you can't! How can you?"

"Save."

"But . . ." Zinnnnnng! The bell. I pulled on my shoes and rushed out. I never saw her again. Then there was the girl who told me she was going on her vacation shortly. She had been there a year. "With pay?" I asked her.

"Oh, no! They've cut 'em down. Two years ago, if you worked here a year, you got a week's vacation with pay. Two years, two weeks. Now you just take your vacation."

"They take you back?"

"Well, you take more'n a week at your own risk. But they usually take back experienced girls." I was moved to a counter where I found a stout, Jewish girl arranging stock. After a while I asked her if I might help.

"No. No. I do dis. You vait on de people."

"Are you head of the counter?"

"Vat? I don' know. I ain't been here since t'ree days yet. Dey tell me to do dis."

"How much do you get?"

She spread her hands. "I don' know."

One girl told me that when girls got tired near quitting time they would put a newspaper on the floor and sit down behind the counter, if the girls who worked with them were nice and wouldn't squeal.

One afternoon when I wanted to take my ten-minute rest, I found I was the only girl

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on the counter. I waited, then asked the floorgirl for an ok.

"You can't go now," she said. "No time off after three-thirty, when the rush begins."

"But I couldn't go before."

"Well, you have to see to it that you do." I went on working. At 5:00, I thought I should surely have to quit and go home. At 5:30, I didn't have time to remember being tired. I tried to be accurate, but as soon as I got tired and nervous I made mistakes. Once, when I rang up fifteen cents too little, I registered the next sale as a quarter instead of a dime.

"Why did you do that?" A voice sounded in my ear. I started and shrank.

"I thought I could," I lied.

"You thought nothing of the kind! You have no business making up a sale and you know it! You're very inefficient and you ought to be fired, you — " It was the floorgirl. Words tore out of her red mouth, opening and shutting. She sent me to see Mr. Harmon. He was kind but firm. I wanted to ask him if he didn't get tired of spying on girls. . . . Amid thick silence and curious glances, I went back to the counter to try to be accurate. But when I thought I recognized a snooping shopper, my hand bungled, and I chose a paper bag a size too large. The shopper gave me a sharp glance and moved silently away. Of all the spies, I felt sorriest for the shoppers. Last-minute customers delayed us, and when the bell rang I was still spreading papers. Mr. Harmon took them out of my hands.

"Against the law for you to work after six!"

The girls looked surprised to see me next morning. They left me alone. The matron in the restroom commented:

"Guess somebody's sweet on somebody. But he's married."

"How much does a floorwalker make?" I asked her.

"Fifteen a week — gotta hunch anyway." Then she addressed all of us. "You're the first shift I gotta tell. You girls are to wait upstairs after this when you got time on your hands. Not in here no more. S'pose Mr. Harmon thinks I talk to the girls too much. Oh, well."

IV

SATURDAY was cleaning day. The inspector was coming. Bertha was back at the counter. Bertha was the first girl I had met in the store; she had told me her feet and her back jumped at night. She spent that afternoon wiping and brushing, and collected an amazing pile of dust and dirt — also dimes and nickels, which she faithfully rang up. "You know," she said, "in a downtown store the girls put money in their shoes. But I'd be afraid to here. They watch you so close."

There were rumors in the store of a temporary minimum wage of $11. All whom I encountered were skeptical. "They'll get around it, don't you worry," Bertha told me. She and I went to dinner at the Automat. "You can get a sandwich for ten cents and a glass of milk for five," she said. "You *got* to eat or you can't stand it. And food costs so much."

"Do you ever eat in the five-and-ten?"

"God, no! I want to get outa five-and-tens when I eat." She told me all about herself. She and her sister supported the mother. The sister couldn't get married because she had to keep them going until Bertha got out of school — if she got a job. The sister made $15 a week. Bertha thought she ought to leave school in September — although she hated to — in order to keep her job in the store.

"However do you dress so nicely?" I asked.

"Oh, if you have good taste . . . this dress cost seventy-nine cents." She had always dreamed of being an actress or a swimmer. She'd like to have a really good job some day.

"An actress?"

"No, I'd take a good, hard stenographer's job — although I hate to type. Just some job for eighteen a week, maybe, so my mother could have nice things. I'd like to get married." She wanted me to come to dinner at her house the next Sunday night. "Gee, you oughta have a little fun, poor kid. I'd introduce you to my boy friend's pal. We wouldn't do so much; just get a soda or something, but you know — it's a change."

After a while I said to her: "You know, I've got so many bills, I think I'll have to go to the home relief or something, soon."

"Don't do *that!*" Bertha was shocked. "Don't run up bills. Cut down on things — food, if you have to. Save. Don't ever go to charity." I promised I wouldn't.

That night my pay envelope had a red cross

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on it. "We won't need you after to-night," Mr. Harmon told me. I went back and got my shoes.

V

"WILLING TO work, are you?" The manager of a small, downtown store stared hard at me. I waited. "No experience, huh?" (I had been afraid to tell him I had been fired.) A pause. "How would you like to work on the lunch counter? It's a hard job."

"I'd do it."

"You've got to be fast, be on your toes every minute. No time to think."

"I'd try anything," I said.

"Come to-morrow at quarter to nine."

At 8:40, on the unshaded steps of the side door, I found a group of six girls. They weren't talking, just standing. "Hello!"

"You on the lunch counter?" They exchanged looks. Presently the manager drove up in a large car. He strode past us without a glance, unlocked the door with a flourish, and disappeared inside. We followed, without a word, making our way down a dark stairway into the basement, piled high with walls of stock, back into the narrow, earthy kitchen and the girls' room, which was much smaller and, I thought, not so clean as the one in the uptown store.

I met my fellow-workers: Bobbie, the head of the counter, Wilma, Hilda, Maggie, Frannie, and Marvel. Bobbie told us to hurry. The girls chattered. "I go 'round in stockin' feet at night," Bobbie declared. "Stockin' feet!" exclaimed Frannie. "My family has my slippers all laid out and waitin' fer me."

Marvel proceeded to take off all her clothes, including her underwear, before donning her uniform. "You can't do that," Bobbie told her.

"Who says I can't! It's spoilin' for another blisterer. Mr. Andrews don't worry. He don't say nothin'. Louie looks at me the other day and he says, 'You're lookin' pretty swell,' he says. I hadda laugh."

"Who's Louie?" I wanted to know.

"He's the head stock boy, who thinks he's gonna be manager before he's gray-headed — the poor, dumb cluck. He's ignorant. No education. He ain't got a chance."

"Somebody's gittin' fired to-night," Marvel whispered to me. "And we're all spendin' our time wonderin' just who it's goin' to be."

"Why?"

"Because you come on. In my opinion, it's that Hilda. She's slow."

VI

A CLEAN APRON not being available, I was told I'd have to wear a dirty one. The adjective was well-chosen. Bobbie told me to work on the counter with Marvel and Maggie, and showed me how to test the milk by tasting it, to arrange tomato-juice and orange displays, and to fill the salt and pepper shakers.

"Keep busy," Marvel said. "An' you don't want to let nobody ketch you eatin'."

"Eating!"

"Sure." She let me see her jaws move. "I eat all the time. Don't have to spend money on food."

We worked away, three of us on the counter at a time, the rest in the kitchen. I was surprised when Bobbie told me to take forty-five minutes off for lunch. "What, already? It can't be noon."

"It's ten o'clock, if you want to know," Marvel said. "You're the new girl. I eat next, since I only been here a week."

"But I'm not hungry, so soon after breakfast."

"You eat now." I thought I detected a steely note in Bobbie's voice. "We can't eat all at once. Take, for instance, Maggie don't eat till real late, after the rush. You're allowed a quarter's worth of food at the counter."

"Can't you go out to eat?"

"Sure, if you want. But you ain't got much time."

I could manage only a malted milk. Marvel joined me shortly. "You better eat, I'm tellin' you."

"I can't eat right after breakfast."

"I don't eat no breakfast. Nor dinner either, lots of nights."

We went back to work. The rush, I presently realized, had arrived. I was dashing recklessly back and forth, skidding on the wet floor, drenching my uniform with dishwater. Liquids ran down my ankles into my shoes. My hands were smeared with unappetizing mixtures. I washed dishes, cleaned off the counter, yelled to the stock boy, promised food which I never served. People shouted at me.

"Don't put on so much whipped cream,

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Rosie! If a shopper should catch you!"

"I told you not to leave dishes up here, Rosie!"

"Rosie, you forgot to collect from that customer!"

We were facing a solid wall of gaping, masticating mouths and bobbing Adam's apples. I felt sick, but happily I didn't have time to look closely. Marvel plunged a huge pile of plates into the inky water and out again. "Gee, when I first come, I was dishwashin'. I'm glad to git a vacation. I was washin' 'em nice with soap 'n Bobbie comes along 'n says to me, 'You never git nowheres that way.' She just throwed 'em in and took 'em out 'n in three minutes she'd done more than I could in half an hour."

"Leave the dishes, Rosie." Customers stood two-deep. Sandwiches, salads, root beer, banana splits, hot dogs, coffee, tea, milk, water, sodas, sundaes, malted milks, milkshakes, orangeade, lemonade, pie — more sandwiches, hot dogs, banana splits. . . .

"How're you makin' it, kid?"

"My feet."

"Say, you never git used to it."

Two women wanted tea — lots of butter on the toast, they said. "Rosie!" in horrified tones from Bobbie. "Don't smear the butter on like that!"

The women and I smiled in conspiracy against Bobbie. They left me a tip — five cents.

"I've got a tip," I said to Marvel. "What'll I do with it?" There were no pockets in the uniform.

"Ring it up; we aren't allowed to take tips."

I rang it up and after that I told customers to keep their money.

The rush went on — incredibly, indefinitely. The rope of the dumb-waiter broke. I forgot about my feet and slung food across the counter automatically. The rush slackened a little. Maggie began lifting out flavor containers and washing them. She scrubbed faucets, scoured nickelwork. Presently there were no more dishes, and I polished the mirror. The lights were turned off. Customers were no more. Clerks left. We kept on working. Stock boys collected garbage, swept the floors, and departed. Still we cleaned up.

There was no more work for me to do. But I kept on, pretending to wring out towels or dab at the nickel. I couldn't stop work until the word was given. Finally, I had to. I sat on the edge of the sink, lifting my feet from the floor for a blessed second. "Hey, get down!"

At last — at 6:45 — the work was done. We trooped down the stairs to the kitchen, to put away food, devour left-over frankfurters, and lay the dish towels out on a gunny sack. We had been on our feet working for nine and a half hours.

Hilda was crying. She said she dropped a dime down the sink. "Vat you cr-ry about dat?" Maggie scoffed. We were all unsympathetic. But she wasn't crying about the dime. She knew she was going to be fired. She was. Up on the street Bobbie took her aside and left her crying afresh.

I dragged her to another ten-cent store, which was still open, for some coffee. "I don' vant to go in dere," Hilda protested. "It make me sick. I can't eat dat food. Because I *seen* it." But we went. "I don' know vy dey fire me!" Hilda moaned. "She von't tell. Yust — ve don' need you no more! O-oh! I never been fired before."

The blue-uniformed waitress was listening, asked where we worked. "You got a nice crowd of girls?"

"Yes," I said. "Say, do you get tips? We have to ring ours up."

"Yes, but we don't get paid as much as you. We get seven a week, and tips."

"Ve could make two, t'ree dollars a veek," Hilda sniffed.

"Well, a hell of a lot of good it does us! We have to put 'em in a tin box and we split the proceeds. What good does it do me to be nice to customers? Have another cup." She winked at us. Then, abruptly, she began washing dishes at a furious pace. A floorwalker had appeared in the offing.

VII

THE NEXT day was Saturday.

Getting to work at 8:30 in the morning was hard, after a night of burning feet and taut nerves. I could swallow only a cup of coffee for breakfast but I knew I would have lunch in an hour. The pavement scorched my feet as I walked faster and faster to be on time. But there was no spring in my step.

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My feet swelled so in the heat that I decided not to wear stockings. "You've got to wear stockings." Bobbie was adamant. "It's the rules."

With bland indifference, I went to the counter without them. Mr. Andrews was having his breakfast. He looked at my bare legs and said nothing.

"He's always hanging around," I said to Marvel.

"Sure he is, and why not? He makes a big profit from our counter — anyway two hundred per cent."

That day I did a number of jobs. The first was to scour the counter with a strong acid solution and much elbow grease. Mr. Andrews stopped eating a Danish pastry to show me, while Bobbie watched jealously. He dipped his finger in the solution and rubbed it on the counter. Hastily he put his finger to his mouth and sucked it. The acid was not only painful but decidedly hard on the fingernails. I finished the counter.

At noon, Louie called me. "You got to wear stockings."

"But, Louie! My feet swell when I . . ."

"No, never mind!" Louie was proudly being manager for two hours while Mr. Andrews was out. I didn't want to be fired — yet. "And hurry back!" Louie called after me as I was going downstairs.

I washed dishes until my hands were raw and my uniform drenched through. A woman floorwalker wandered by. "Get that child a dry uniform," she said to Bobbie. Bobbie nodded. But Bobbie couldn't recollect where there might be a dry uniform, so we let it go.

"Bobbie's got ambition," Marvel confided to me in a slack moment. "She wants to git ahead. She was sore when you wouldn't put on your stockin's fer her. I heard her squealin' to Louie as soon as Mr. Andrews ain't here. You wanta watch your step, kid. Any little thing gits you fired around here."

In due time I cleaned the refrigerator, in the cavernous depths of the basement. My wet feet froze in the icy atmosphere. I tried sitting on the freezer for a moment, but it was too arctic. I felt a cold coming on. At intervals, Louie bustled in to see how I was performing. "Rub *hard*, girlie," he exhorted. "Like this." He rubbed hard. When I flatly insisted I couldn't get it cleaner, he let me stop. I sucked my raw knuckles.

He disappeared, and Bobbie came down.

"Bobbie, why do you work so hard, and make others work so hard?"

"Well, in the first place, you got to work hard or you lose your job. You got to work hard in this world, Rosie. You work for what you get."

"Do you think working in this underground kitchen is going to get you anywhere?"

"Sure. In this store you got to work up from the cellar." Bobbie laughed. "If I work hard and help Mr. Andrews to keep out of the red, I may get promoted to hostess of our counter. Vi's the hostess now. She's comin' back from her vacation, Monday. I'd have a good job and I wouldn't have to worry."

"How long has Vi been here?"

"Two years. She gits thirteen a week. Vi works hard."

"You'd work hard, too — even if you got promoted?"

"Oh, sure. Everybody works hard here. You'll never get anywhere in this world if you don't tend to business more."

Saturday night — pay night. Nobody was fired and we went home happy.

VIII

THERE WERE more rumors about the temporary wage of $11. But Marvel knew beforehand that the girls on the lunch counter weren't going to get it. "They got out of that by charging us for our lunches. 'N our lunch comes to a dollar fifty. So they're really doin' us a favor by givin' us an extra fifty cents." She had planned to get a new dress with the extra dollar. She needed one badly. She would get it just the same — and never mind the room rent.

Marvel gave me the lowdown on the girls at our counter. Bobbie lived with her aunt and paid board. She had dates, had a good time. She didn't have to worry. "But you take Maggie, now. She's got seven kids." (Maggie had told me she had four.) "She can't possibly support 'em on ten dollars. Well, maybe she's got a widow's pension. Maybe she gets public relief? Why shouldn't she?"

Wilma had two kids. Men liked her. Figure it out for yourself. At least that was what Mar-

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vel figured out. Both Wilma and Maggie were close-mouthed.

Frannie came from a family of nine children. She was twenty, even if she looked so young. She had awful trouble with her feet. Marvel had learned early how to take care of her feet. "You know, Maggie says her feet changed from five-and-a-halfs to sevens since she's been workin' behind the counter."

Marvel told me about Jo, who had been such a good worker. One day she said to a woman: "But, Madame, I have only two hands." Louie heard her and squealed, and they fired her. "Gee, it was tough. The customers ain't God!" Poor Jo. She went around with a married man. She wanted nice things and a good time. Who could blame her? "They just git into it, you know. When it costs fifteen a week to live and you get ten, where's the other five comin' from?"

Marvel was twenty-three and the mother of three children. One of them was with her mother-in-law. The home relief was taking care of the other two — boarded out in Brooklyn for $25 a month each. "They won't let me have 'em back until I can take care of 'em. Charlie's crazy to have 'em back. Gee, if he only had a job!

"I always think, gee, I have a rotten time. An' then I bump into somebody who's worse off. I can always depend on my husband to git the rent if he had to, 'n I kin git somethin' to eat if I have to. Sometimes you do and sometimes you don't. It's always a worry. I been on the go since I was thirteen an' I ain't stoppin' till I can't go no more. . . . "

I made up my mind to quit. A blister on one foot had become infected and I had caught cold. That day I felt cheerful and a little reckless; I broke two glasses. Vi was back, and Bobbie looked sulky. "She sure hates to git back on the counter and be just one of the girls," Marvel remarked. "And look out for Vi."

10:00 o'clock. Lunchtime. I went downstairs to the girls' room to copy the store rules in my little notebook: "Salesladies must not talk to each other during working hours. Salesladies must comport themselves at all times as ladies. Salesladies must not sit down during working hours, etc."

Marvel appeared. "What's the idea?"

"I'm getting material for a novel I'm going to write someday." Marvel appeared satisfied.

Vi came down — to see why I wasn't eating lunch.

"I haven't time," I told her over my shoulder, copying faster. She stood for a time, silent, and watched me. Then she disappeared upstairs. When my lunch period was over, I stowed the notebook in my locker with my shoes and went back to the counter to tell Mr. Andrews I was leaving.

"Come in for your pay to-morrow," he said.

I went back to work, but I loafed deliberately. Black looks from Vi. "Gee, you're goin' to be fired if you don't look out," Marvel told me. If my feet hadn't hurt so much, it would have been fun. But 6:30 seemed far away. Would the day *never* end?

Eventually it did. I collected shoes and notebook — two days later, I discovered that all but the blank pages had been cut out. Most of the girls thought I had been fired for being fresh. But Marvel told me that Vi thought I was an "operator" — a girl who is sent from the office to get the lowdown by working with other employees. I left.

When I came back for my pay I talked a few minutes with Marvel. Things had been happening. Vi had reported my peculiar conduct on the day before to Mr. Andrews, and he had ordered her to confiscate my notes. He had ordered her further — to quit! Gently, Marvel told me. Vi was pregnant, and Mr. Andrews explained that it was really better for her health to give up the work. But he didn't say he'd take her back!

"Gee, it sure was tough on her," Marvel said. "Her husban' ain't workin', and she just come back from vacation with no pay. If she'd knowed, she wouldn't a taken a vacation. She was countin' on her next month's salary. Course, they got some saved."

"Out of Vi's thirteen a week?"

"Sure, or maybe from the time when her husband had a job."

"Has Vi any other children?"

"She had one but it died."

"They couldn't take the chanct, though," Marvel said. "For instance, she might have had a miscarriage behind the counter or mornin' sickness or somethin'. The store can't take no chances like that."

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THE NEED FOR AN ÉLITE

BY MARY COLUM

THIS ARTICLE is a plea for an élite, but it is equally a plea for the training and utilization of that more numerous body which is capable of recognizing it. What really is an élite? By the term I mean such people as have, through natural endowment, those qualities that mankind has thought worthy of honor and remembrance, whether virtue or genius, beauty or courage or magnanimity; who have them first of all naturally, but who have also enhanced them by discipline, so that by nature and training they stand out as examples worthy of imitation. Of course, the acknowledgment of the importance of these two groups — distinct groups to my mind — means an acceptance of the idea of inequality, an idea which present-day notions of civilization have made repugnant to many people. The only equalities possible of attainment on earth, as at present arranged, are political equality, social equality, and some sort of economic equality. But outside these, the eternal, unchangeable differences in men begin.

Very few things in the world are perfectly real, very few are valuable in themselves; all the rest are imitations, good or bad. The world is not only full of imitation diamonds and pearls, but full of imitation heroes, imitation beauties, imitation geniuses, imitation celebrities, and imitation good men. It is full of people without much courage or much beauty or much talent or much virtue, who do their best to get up some imitation of these things. This passion for imitation, one of the great passions of man, has produced the enormous benefits that accrue to humanity from discipline and aspiration: if through some drawback in our inheritance we were born timid and got a certain sort of schooling as children, we could grow into a fair imitation of a brave man; if we were born liars, through training we could become passably truthful; if we were born with little brains, we could by industry get up an imitation of intelligence and ability; if we were born plain, we could, by studying our appearance, curling our hair, and painting our faces, achieve a relation to beauty — become pleasant-looking, as the beauty experts say. This passion for imitation is one of the really reliable qualities of men; they can always be depended on to follow each other. Whole philosophies and creeds have been evolved to show people how they can imitate qualities which they have not naturally and to give them the discipline by which virtue can be acquired. Of course, one must admit that the belief in imitations did go to extremes; it reached a point where it became of common belief that all virtue was the result of training, and that each individual had produced his good or bad qualities; and it was almost forgotten that there are some people, a small minority, who by a happy heredity or a careless gift of the gods, are born good, magnanimous, brave, or beautiful, and who cannot help being so, who are incapable of being anything else.

The respect for the self-made man in the realm of the spirit had become unbounded; it was one of the great faults of the Puritans that they thought all virtue came from standards. Now, reduced to simple terms, standards are the array of qualities that people think worthy of imitation and which they try to acquire. The man who made himself virtuous by schooling often became a sanctimonious prig, given to talking too much about his standards and his breeding, and to thinking himself among the elect, and so a rebellion and a reaction against standards became general. Now, humanity cannot give up its standards, cannot give up its attempt to imitate the great and the good, if life on this planet is to be worth living at all, and if we are not all to be overwhelmed with selfishness, savagery, callousness, and egotism.

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Scissor-cut by Hunt Diederich

It was one of the advantages of the now much-abused, English, public-school system that one could send any sort of abandoned wretch of a small boy to one of the great schools, and he would come out so trained and with such a respect for certain manly virtues that he would be, in most cases, capable of passing his life as an honest and decent man, even though nature and heredity might have left him a potential crook and scoundrel. Similar and even better results were produced by some of the great continental schools. At their finest they produced excellent imitations of the best that is known and thought in the world. The objection to this sort of training, and the one which has chiefly brought it into disrepute, was the objection that it was meant for a particular class and that in the course of the schooling and the discipline the product acquired an amount of social snobbery which he was seldom able to shake off. In addition, all sorts of humbug and genteelness came to be regarded as hall-marks of high-class standards, and it became as important to take the top off a boiled egg properly as to train oneself to be a brave or considerate man. It was this babble about standards and the pursuit of minor gentilities that brought a certain amount of derision upon the idea of the gentleman. Actually, at the present time, the word "well-bred" has come to mean merely one accustomed to certain forms of social amenity and has no relation whatever to a discipline in superior qualities.

What happened was that people lost sight of their models, the naturally fine and magnanimous person, the natural genius, the world's élite. With this I come to the point of this article — a plea for the recognition and utilization of an élite.

Our Shoddy Intelligentsia

We mock at the Victorian age for its hypocrisies, for it produced in intolerable numbers fake good people, who themselves were imitations of poor shoddy. But I think we produce a form of fake which will eventually prove more disastrous and bring us more into disrepute with posterity — the fake intelligentsia, the imitation talented. There is no quality in the world that ought to be more carefully examined than intelligence, for though intelli-

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gence itself can exist without any other virtue whatever, no virtue in itself can exist without intelligence — truth, courage, loyalty, sincerity, strong emotion are inescapably bound up with intelligence. There has never been a generous man, a magnanimous man, who was not intelligent; there has never been a really devoted dog who was not intelligent; intelligence is a component of every virtue. The shoddy nature of our intelligentsia is partly the result of the systems of education which have been popular for so long with their craze for finding a creative gift in everybody. Parents are told that every child has a creative power which a particular system of education will nourish and bring to bloom — a theory that has brought into being all sorts of pathetic ambitions, doomed to disillusion and unhappiness. Hardly any of us, as a matter of truth, has any creative gift for anything at all. We are highly endowed if we have an intelligence good enough to imitate the really endowed and to discriminate between them and the pseudo-endowed. We are highly gifted if we have some bent for making engines or pianos, or for sewing or cooking, or, best of all, some bent for loving and helping people. But as for creative gifts, if there are three hundred people of genuine creative gift, of all kinds, in any large country, and a couple of thousand more of good secondary gifts, that country is lucky; all the rest of the population are imitations, good or bad, noble or base.

What have our creative schools been turning out through a misapplication of the theory that education should be a drawing-out? Have they turned out creators or, what would be possible for them to do, appreciators of creators? What they seem to have produced is a vast number of young men and women with a passion for trying to distinguish themselves in the easiest and most immediate way, and with such a craze for notoriety and for becoming imitation celebrities that, to get themselves in the public eye, they are capable of any silliness. If they are of sufficient social standing, they can appeal to that reliable human faculty for imitation by giving or selling their names and photos to advertise beds, cold-creams, stockings, shoes, or practically anything that can be photographed. Then the number of people, especially women, who in our grandmothers' time would be harmlessly, if inaesthetically, employed painting lilies on mirrors, or embroidering crazy cushions, are now harmfully, but equally inaesthetically, employed in producing verse, stories, pictures, and all sorts of imitation works of art — all showing the extent to which ignorance of the best and tolerance of the worst have gone. It seems to me that what we really need is a system of education for those people who have in them the possibility of recognizing the best, for those who have that kind of intelligence which can be trained to recognize the best in every branch of human achievement — art, politics, philosophy, science, education, social organization.

Wallowing in Mediocrity

A considerable stir was caused some time ago in the European press by a report from New York that a special school was to be founded in America for children of marked ability. Why, the proposer of the idea was described as asking, have we schools for backward children, for children of ordinary intelligence, and none at all for intelligence above the ordinary? The expression of approval of this project was wide, and it was noticeable not only that the approvers jumped to the conclusion that such a school would somehow provide for the discovery of an élite, but also the cynical disapprovers were convinced of the same thing, and it was this conviction that formed the basis of their objections. Does anybody really imagine, they asked, that mankind wants to advance? Do we want these higher minds, these superior types? Don't we really like to wallow in mediocrity of all kinds? Isn't all life run for the medium sort of person who is neither high nor low, bad nor good, clever nor stupid? Isn't all life, are not all governments and all policies meant for him? Are not all ideas of democracy intended to keep everybody as mediocre as everybody else? The answer to all these questions is that the world does like to wallow in mediocrity and that life is run for the medium sort of person and that God and science and nature, and what laws and justice we have, seem to exist solely for the purpose of protecting and cherishing him. Still, while we like to wallow in mediocrity, the truth is that we cannot stand for long a scheme of life in which we are called upon to imitate other

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mediocrities; we must somewhere in the world see people who are beacon-lights, who are above the mediocrities. There has never before been such an extensive attempt as has been made in the last decade or two to lower the standing and influence of these people above the mediocre, these beacon-lights. Most biographies were written with the idea of patronizing or lowering the personages written about, of showing up some weakness which was supposed to be more important to deal with than with his greatness. To make a great man appear as much as possible like everybody else, and also with some weakness in a greater degree, was the aim of many of the new-style biographers; and a Frenchman succeeded in writing a biography of a great poet without mentioning the poetry, the real thing that distinguished him from other people and that made him a subject for biography. There was a mania for stating in effect: "This man was not any better than we are; he was in many ways a trifle lower and more foolish."

The Trials of an Élite

Men have always realized that the people who are above the mediocrities, the people of moral and intellectual power above the average (of practically anything above the average), are in many ways at a disadvantage in life, sometimes at such a disadvantage that loving mothers have been known to pray that their little sons and daughters might grow into average men and women. For if a man's intellect is so superior to other people's that he stands out from them, even if his social charm or beauty or worldly position is superior to theirs, he is almost certainly going to find himself subject to jealousies and suspicions and attacks. If he is so superior ethically and emotionally that his standards and his conduct are higher than other people's, he is certainly going to find himself deceived and betrayed. Men of outstanding scientific or artistic achievement are, in proportion to their distinction, subject to forms of persecution, threats, and abusive letters unrealized by the happy people who have no history and no distinctions. The daily persecution, for instance, to which the most famous living scientist and the most famous living author are subject, would wreck forever the peace of simpler men. Generally, the persecutors give the most lofty moral reason for their malevolence, such as that the distinguished man, because his discovery or his work is bad for humanity, deserves some fate that will be a lesson to other people. But the other side of the picture is also true. In addition to being misunderstood and persecuted, the man of superior endowment is going to be honored and admired; he is going to be remembered, perhaps, for centuries to come. Besides being betrayed, the man of high ethical conduct, of strong emotional power, is going to be loved and admired. Superiority is, at the same time, resented and revered, and if it is more resented than revered by the basest types, it is more revered than resented by the best.

Apart altogether from whether it is loved or hated, no class is so absolutely necessary to the rest of humanity than an élite — a moral and intellectual élite. And a country which does not see the psychological necessity for making provision for the various forms of élite will soon be confronted with masses of people who do not know what to do with their lives. Not knowing what to do with their lives is the malady of increasing numbers in the modern world, especially among the masses who have dropped religion and the guiding traditional ethics of Christianity and who are now trying to attach themselves to any sort of *ism* or *ist* that comes their way. That religion is the opiate of the people is one of those astonishing maxims, founded on falsehood and a lack of psychological knowledge, which have an extensive currency in the world to-day. It derives first of all from a misunderstanding of the function of religion and, secondly, from a psychological misunderstanding of humanity — the notion that mankind is made up of Nietzschean supermen who can stand alone in any crisis. All the real weaklings and neurotics I have ever known were people to whom religion would have given a saving strength — men who, without it, clung like babies to the bosom of the nearest woman, or women who hysterically harassed the life of the nearest man. That men and women can stand alone without example or guidance, that they can cope with life unaided, is either the notion of a person with a too-theoretic outlook on life, perilously ignorant of human psychology, or else it is a conception

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evolved by a demigod for demigods and has no relation to the needs of the bulk of humanity.

Creators, Middlemen, and the Masses

At the moment, there is a blind, or at any rate, but a half-conscious effort to discover an élite. Stage any strong man or apparently strong man, and the masses will follow him as they followed Lenin and Mussolini, as they are following Hitler and Gandhi. Make a slogan of an idea that can be shaped into a doctrine, and there will be a number of people attaching themselves to it, some even ready to face death for it, like martyrs in the Roman Coliseum. It is because such people are whirled along by an inner need to attach themselves to something, rather than by convictions of any kind, and are without power of criticizing or distinguishing one set of values from another. Take away a religious creed, and you will have people attaching themselves to some other form of dogma, economic, or political, or revolutionary — the need is there and it will satisfy itself somehow. To make people good communists, to make them thoroughly *ists* of any kind, take away all other creeds from them and you will have them in the way of becoming fanatics for your doctrine.

Danger, too, is in the fact that some of the middlemen of ideas who expound doctrines are so often themselves men of irresponsible intelligence, with but a capricious concern for the ideas they are handing out to people who have a desperate need to fill up gaps in their lives by assimilating some mental or spiritual pabulum. All ideas and doctrines, religious, moral, political, economic, or artistic, have three classes of people attached to them: first, the initiators, the creators, the élite; secondly, the middlemen of ideas who are attracted and who expound and exemplify the ideas and doctrines to the public; and, thirdly, that mass-public which attaches itself to the doctrine, blindly but passionately — and it is on the amount of passion aroused that the final success of all doctrines outside the domain of pure science or pure knowledge depends. Persons with a genuine conviction are, of course, as rare as persons with any other genuine quality. What commonly passes for conviction is a sort of mental infection which people get from each other and which sometimes afflicts them with the intensity of an obsession: this is what happens in the crises which we call war and revolution and in those waves of emotion which are race-hatreds and hatreds of other peoples' creeds and ways of life.

The masses are outfitted by the middlemen of ideas, who are themselves recruited from intelligences above the ordinary; it is they who expound the doctrines, sometimes distorting them; it is they who discover the élite, who first recognize a great scientist, a great artist, a great leader. Their rôle is most important: the destiny of the world is decided by men with a few transforming ideas; these ideas are worked out and applied by the middlemen and are then followed by the multitude. No one can go so far as to call the multitude "the inert majority," as Lenin did, for if they were really inert no doctrine would succeed — it succeeds only because of the passion of their attachment to it. For the first class, for the élite, and for the third class, the masses, training is not of vital importance, for the first has genius and intuition, and the other has unreasoning passion. But for the middlemen, training is of supreme importance. On them rests the responsibility of directing the world, of seeing that in following the destiny marked out for it by the few — the few religious leaders, the few political leaders, the few great artists — there is achieved the greatest good for the greatest number. Towards achieving the greatest good for the greatest number — this may be a personal opinion — political equality, democracy, and education for the masses have been very inadequate; to many who do not subscribe to the tenets of communism, it seems that the essential step towards this greatest good is in some kind of economic equality.

But this, as well as every other problem, moral, intellectual, and artistic, can be solved only by men trained to discern what ideas are of most value and most suitable for the civilization they serve — men humble enough in themselves to recognize those above them, and responsible enough to realize their duties to those below them. No matter what equalizing processes the world goes in for, we will still have the three classes I have written about here — the élite, the middlemen, and the masses — it is no snobbery to acknowledge them; it is only an acceptance of reality.

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RADIATION AND EVOLUTION

BY JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

In the greenhouses of Iowa State College at Ames may be seen some tomato plants which can claim to be as noteworthy as any plant or animal in the world to-day. Their very existence spells revolution in the world of theory and in the world of practical agriculture as well; and were Charles Darwin to revisit this planet for twenty-four hours, it is possible that he would ask, before anything else, to be taken to Ames to see these tomatoes. For they are nothing less than a new species, never before seen, wild or cultivated, by man and they owe their coming to man's ingenuity.

True, we see at their side the parent plants, or rather other plants of the parent stock, which turn out to be ordinary, unaltered tomatoes; but if these new forms had been collected in the wilds of South America, nobody would have hesitated to call them a new species. Not only are they quite distinct in their methods of growing, in their height, their foliage, their fruit, but they breed true to all these new qualities. Although we know that the origin of these types is due to the ingenuity of Professor E. W. Lindstrom, nevertheless we have some reason to believe that nature uses the same methods as he did, when new species appear.

This method is, in brief, to submit the seed or the growing tips of the parent plant to a radium or X-ray bombardment, exactly as the physicists bombard the atom in order to change its composition and behavior. The first experiments in this direction were carried out by Professor H. J. Muller, who has succeeded in advancing the study of evolution in important directions by his results.

The Puzzle of Variation

Let us go back to Darwin for a moment. Writing, in 1859, the book which shook the whole of modern thought, he admitted ignorance of a fundamental thing: "I have hitherto sometimes spoken," he writes, "as if the variations were due to chance. This of course is a wholly incorrect expression, but it serves to acknowledge plainly our ignorance of each particular variation. . . . Our ignorance of the laws of variation is profound." Darwin simply took the fact of variation as a self-evident truth, the reasons for which nobody knew, and tried to show how a natural force acting on this tendency of offspring to vary from their parents could have "selected" many different forms of life, all rising from one ancestor, just as a human breeder does with his animals or plants.

For sixty-seven years our ignorance of the causes of variation remained as complete as Darwin's. But in the interval we were discovering the missing pieces needed to see the whole pattern. First, at the very time that *The Origin of Species* was being written, an obscure monk, the Abbé Mendel, was amusing himself by crossing peas and counting the number of times certain variations occurred in the offspring. He hit on some very simple but very exact rules, which showed that, however haphazard nature might seem about such things, actually there was a mathematical precision about her results. But nobody knew anything of his discoveries until 1900.

Meanwhile, Hugo De Vries, watching some evening primroses on a waste plot in Holland, noticed that every now and then a plant sprang up quite unlike the ordinary plants from which the seed had come. Closer scrutiny confirmed that new species, or, as he called them, "mutations," were regularly springing from the ordinary stock; that these bred true and followed Mendel's laws. This was a blow to one of Darwin's ideas, namely that "nature made nothing by jumps"; and that new species were the result of thousands of tiny variations adding

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up in due course to something big and distinctive. As a matter of fact, it was shown that Darwin's minute variations almost always canceled out; and that what really happened was that from time to time a mutation arose, as with the evening primrose; and that, when it had arisen, it was transmitted to the next generation according to Mendelian laws.

To these two discoveries was added in the same year, 1900, a third of equal importance. Boveri, examining the cells of living organisms under the microscope, found that in the nucleus of each cell there were certain bodies which happened to stain well — he therefore called them "chromosomes" — and that these bodies behaved in so special a manner that they must be peculiarly important. In the end, they proved to be the machinery whereby life controlled all inheritance in accordance with Mendelian laws; and as such, they must contain the secret of inheritance, of variation, and of evolution itself.

Speeding Up Evolution

Morgan and his associates therefore settled down to the most intense study of chromosomes, using as their guinea pig a common little fruit fly, *Drosophila*. They soon discovered that mutations were far commoner than had been supposed and that, with *Drosophila*, all sorts of mutations — new eye colors, new wing shapes, new distribution of hair, and so forth — turned up at regular intervals and bred true. They examined twenty million flies and found over four hundred new forms, all breeding true. It became possible to tell, not only which chromosome contained a given characteristic, but whereabouts in the chromosome lay the thing responsible for the characteristic. By 1915, Morgan and his group had mapped out the probable positions of over thirty of these "genes" in a single chromosome. They knew, for example, how far from one end of a given chromosome lay the power to make the unborn fly inherit eyes of a given color.

The results amply justified the saying that "the proper study of mankind is *Drosophila*," but it was slow work. It tarried at nature's whim; now and then something happened to a gene, and a new or unexpected variety made its appearance, but nobody knew how, why, or when it would happen.

No speeding up or control seemed possible. They tried to upset the genes artificially. They tried poisoning, burning, freezing, drowning, parching, overfeeding, and starving. But they could not get under their skins! Then, in 1926, Professor Muller thought of a new gene torture. The physicists were bombarding the atom, using radiation as bullets; why not bombard the genes with X rays?

And so thousands of *Drosophila* were submitted to X rays. They chose flies whose gene make-up was perfectly known; so that if they did not breed as experience said they should, it would be clear that the X rays were having an effect. If the experimenters were as lucky as the physicists, they would find chance shots of radiation knocking out electrons from the atoms composing the genes or adding new electrons to them; and, thereby, the chemical composition of the gene would be altered. Then, if the gene were really responsible for inheritance, this would lead to unexpected variations in the offspring. They knew exactly what eye color, what wing shape, what hairs to expect under normal conditions, always allowing for the fact that surprises would turn up at the rate of four hundred surprises to twenty million flies.

The radiated flies bred. First of all, they had fewer offspring than the normal fly. Clearly, the radiation often damaged the sperm sufficiently to sterilize it altogether. Then, many chromosomes were broken by the bombardment; for there was a great increase in the phenomenon called translocation, wherein a whole string of genes breaks off from its usual associates in one chromosome and takes up with another set elsewhere, thereby mixing up the usual relation of the hereditary characters in the offspring.

But far more important than this, the number of mutations of individuals markedly different from their parents in one or more distinct characteristics increased from four hundred in twenty million to a rate one hundred and fifty times as great. And this meant that the bombardment was actually affecting the chemical composition of individual genes and thereby increasing the rate of variation far above normal. The machinery of evolution itself was being artificially speeded up.

This must rank among the most exciting

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moments in the history of modern biology; for not only did it establish beyond a doubt the material existence of the gene, but it became possible to compute how many such genes there were in the chromosomes of the fruit fly. There are in *Drosophila* more than fourteen thousand genes necessary for the life and health of the individual. The displacement of a single one of these may be enough to cause the offspring to be born legless, eyeless, even almost headless, or otherwise incapable of prolonged existence.

Further than this, since the size of the chromosome is known, and the minimum number of genes in it is known, it is easy to work out the upward limit of size of the individual gene. The figure is 1×10^{-18} cubic centimeters, and each gene consists of fifteen protein molecules, containing perhaps eight thousand atoms. The mystery of inheritance becomes concrete indeed when we can approximate the number, the size, and the position of the ultra-minute units responsible for it.

The Cause of Variation

But far more important than any of this is the fact that a natural force has been discovered, capable of producing in living things variations that can be transmitted from one generation to another. We have to be careful of jumping too eagerly to conclusions, however. We must ask a question: Does the bombardment merely weaken or destroy a gene and debilitate the offspring in consequence? For if so, radiation cannot be a cause of evolution. The mutations which are necessary so that there may be evolution must be progressive; they must add something, not merely take away.

Now even without bombardment, most mutations kill. In *Drosophila*, nearly fifteen thousand genes must work well together to produce a healthy individual; and in most cases a change in this carefully balanced machine brings death. In the radiated flies, of every hundred mutations, eighty-seven were lethal, and only thirteen permitted the offspring health, both for itself and its children. This rate was not different, however, from what happens with normal individuals. But of these thirteen, were any real improvements?

It is hard to answer this. If we turn back to Professor Lindstrom's tomatoes, we have to admit that all the changes so far are changes for the worse. Three of the six best mutations were deficient in chlorophyl and so could not easily have survived in nature; two of the others were somewhat stunted or debilitated without compensating advantages; and one was sterile. The same is true with the barley, tobacco, and other plants and animals so far treated. But with *Drosophila* the story is sometimes different. It is claimed that some mutations are progressive. For example, a fly with wing shape A mutates under radiation to wing shape B, and on the other hand, one with wing shape B has mutated to wing shape A. Now if the change from A to B is a loss, then a change from B to A must be a gain, a progressive mutation of the sort from which we imagine evolution to have arisen.

If, then, radiation in the laboratory produces mutation, is it not possible to look for the cause of variation in nature in the same direction? We are forever being bombarded by all sorts of rays, including a deluge of cosmic rays, to an extent hardly realized a few years ago; cannot this be the answer to the question Darwin had to leave on one side? Is it not possible that the hourly bombardment of cosmic and other rays the world over causes offspring to mutate because their parents have suffered direct hits in some gene? If so, we have for the first time hit upon the reason for the universal variability of life, upon which natural selection works to produce a diversity of species and the whole drama of evolution.

To decide this, we must estimate the quantity of radiation required to produce the known amount of mutation in, say, *Drosophila*, when it has not been artificially bombarded. It seems that there would have to be perhaps a thousand times as much natural radiation as there actually is known to be. So that we cannot say more than that natural radiation is one of the causes of variation. Recent experiments in Italy and elsewhere show that cosmic rays do definitely have an effect; for insects enclosed in lead boxes and sunk to the bottom of lakes to screen them from cosmic rays breed more prolifically than in normal conditions. But we have to look elsewhere for equally important causes of variation.

Of course, protoplasm itself radiates to some extent, for it contains the mildly radioactive

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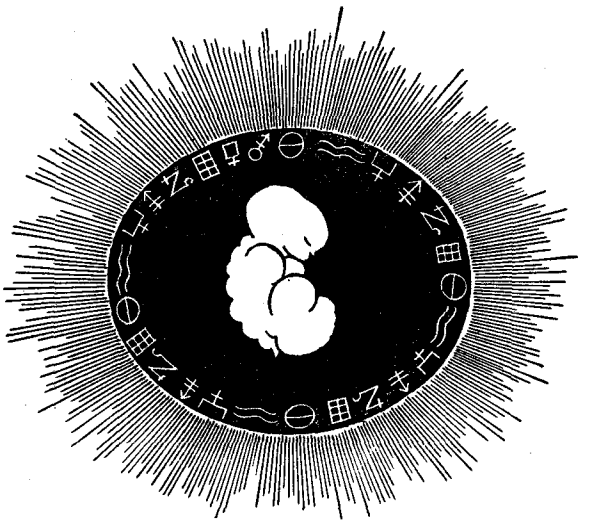
element potassium; and this might account for another fraction of variation. Studies are being made to see if forms of life which are successful in the race of evolution tend to store up more potassium than the others; for ability to vary is undoubtedly of value to the species, and a premium is therefore set on potassium. But such questions cannot yet be answered for certain.

Controlling Creation

Thus the theoretical importance of such work as that of Muller and Lindstrom is that at last a cause of variation has been discovered, and one of the darkest parts of the evolution theory illuminated for the first time. But the practical results may be quite as startling. Consider how the farmer and the horticulturist may be affected. Hitherto they have relied upon the whim of nature for their new and better varieties; all that could be done was to breed millions of individuals and keep a sharp lookout for a promising innovation. Once in many years an ear of wheat, a lamb, an apple has turned up with new characteristics, has been seized on, used for breeding, and an advance registered; but it has been a slow, hit-or-miss process, even when the genius of a Burbank has been at work. But, if the rate of mutation in *Drosophila* is increased a hundred and fifty times by radiation, there is no reason to suppose that the same will not be true of other forms of life; and thus the breeder has a new weapon which may enable him to do in a year what has hitherto taken a century to accomplish, and to speed up a hundredfold the coming of new and better fruits and animals.

We must be cautious of thinking too much has been done, however; no practical agriculturist would look twice at Professor Lindstrom's tomatoes in the present stage of development; it is not yet possible to say that any progressive varieties have come to light. And in any case, natural radiation can account for only a small part of the variability seen everywhere in nature. But at least we can say that a beginning has been made, and that the control of evolution itself is a step nearer. For though there must be other causes of variation, we have certainly hit on one natural force capable of bringing it about; and it is a grand thought that this mysterious visitant from outer space, from the scene of the destruction or creation of matter — according as one school of physicists or the other proves to be right — is itself one of the handmaidens of that evolution which, in the course of ages, produced man from the amœba.

Other scientific articles, by John Langdon-Davies, will appear in future issues of The Forum



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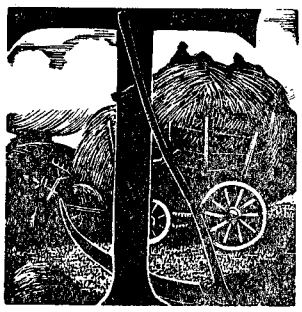
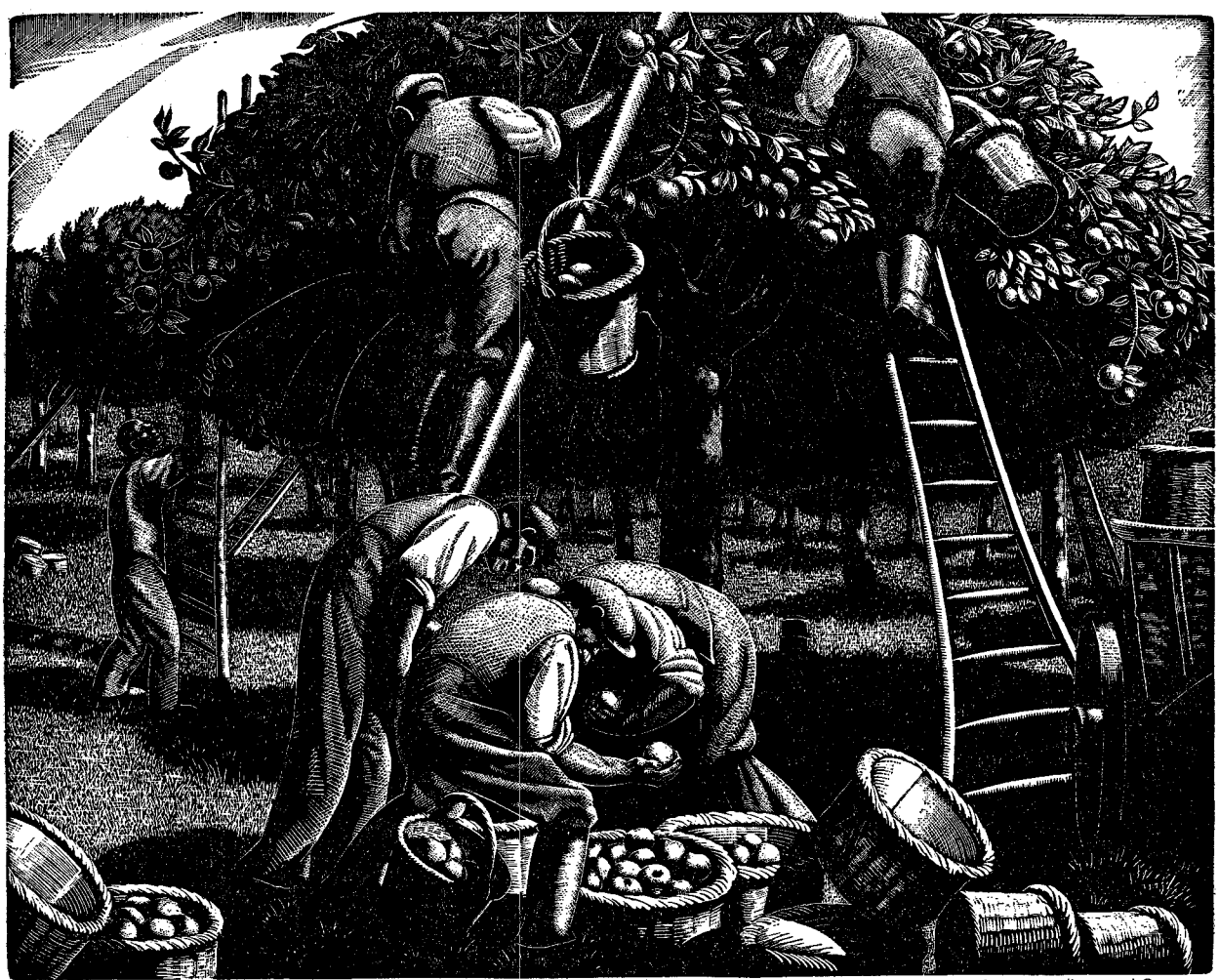


THREE WOODCUTS

BY CLARE LEIGHTON



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December: The Fat Stock Market

May: Sheep Shearing

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A NATIONAL BARTER SYSTEM

BY MORDECAI EZEKIEL

WHILE RELIEF for the urban unemployed is only a passing phase of the depression, it is a problem which will be a grave one for many months, or even years. Over ten million workers — one quarter of all city wage earners — are without means of livelihood. The changes in national economic policies to which the new Administration is pledged — readjustments in the relation of commodity prices to debts and fixed prices and charges, to correct the disabling disparities in prices; emergency aid to agriculture, to tide it over the depression and to reduce the unsalable surpluses; reductions in trade barriers, to break the vicious circle of competitive trade restrictions, which has strangled international trade throughout the world — these policies, vigorously and effectively put into action, have already begun to create a situation where recovery is possible. But it will take a long time to complete the necessary steps at home and abroad; once the new arrangements are in effect, they can produce improvement only gradually. If we can rebuild in four years — by 1937 — a new structure of functioning business and industrial relationships to replace the old structure which had been going to pieces for four years, we shall have made relatively as rapid a recovery as from most previous major depressions.

This look into the economic future indicates that unemployment may continue heavy, though decreasing, for several years ahead. It is easier to increase production than to restore employment. From the low point, in March, to the last report, in July, industrial output increased 63 per cent; factory employment, only 24 per cent. Last expenditures for relief are still near the record peaks. It is therefore of the greatest importance to consider how far an emergency organization can be created through which the industrial unemployed can be put to work to take care of themselves.

Our present unemployment is not due to any lack of the physical resources. We have the factories, the finest and most modern in the world; we have the raw materials, piled up in unsalable superabundance; we have the knowledge and skill, with more trained technicians graduating each year; we have the transportation facilities, operating far below capacity; and we have millions of trained, intelligent, and willing workers, whose labor power is being wasted with each passing day.

All the elements are present to produce, in the fullest abundance, the very goods and services, necessities and luxuries, of which our unemployed are so sadly in need. Yet they starve and shiver in the midst of plenty. At the same time, the efforts to raise the cash to pay for even the inadequate unemployment relief are overtaxing social agencies, raising city real estate taxes above the levels of rent incomes, and driving municipalities and states, one after another, close to the brink of insolvency.

II

THE RISE of "barter" systems of self-help constitutes a typically American reaction to this situation. In many different cities, idle workers have recognized the opportunity to better their position by producing something — anything — with the labor of their own hands and with such raw materials and tools as they could come by, and then have traded products with other similar workers, to acquire at least the bare essentials of food, clothing, and shelter. In Seattle, in California, in Minneapolis, and in dozens of other places, this system has developed. Labor or finished products have been exchanged for raw materials; products have been exchanged for services, such as barbering, shoe repairing, carpentering, tailoring, and even medical services; scrip or coupons have been introduced to simplify exchange. In

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a number of cases, regular business organizations have developed on a co-operative, self-help basis; simple industrial operations, such as tanning leather and making shoes, canning foods, producing and refining oil and gasoline, milling wheat and baking bread, spinning and weaving woolen cloth, and making clothes, have been developed. The collection and exchange of labor and products has been organized into a regular service of supply, with wholesale and retail depots, and has been extended over cities and even states. All these activities have been conducted with little or no use of cash, simply with the labor of the previously unemployed, working to make the things they need.

The growth of these self-help systems of production and exchange has been very rapid; so much so that exact statistics cannot be given. It was conservatively reported by Professor J. Douglas Brown, of Princeton University, in a paper before the annual meeting of the American Statistical Association, that over 200,000 persons in California and 175,000 in the Pacific Northwest were supporting themselves entirely through such activities; and that similar self-help barter systems were in operation at one or more points in 28 states.

The movement so far has had its greatest development west of the Mississippi River. There, surplus supplies of farm materials, available for simple processing, are available in large quantities and near at hand; supplies of wood are often available practically for the cutting and hauling; and the communities are small enough to make it possible to organize reasonably self-supporting units within a relatively small region.

Although some attempts have been made in the East, no large-scale barter exchanges have developed in the large cities from Chicago eastward. The great industrial centers are not equipped to care for their own population on a self-sufficing basis, even so far as manufactured products are concerned. A large part of their industrial unemployed consists of workers previously employed in specialized industries, especially in those producing capital goods. A system of self-help production and exchange cannot use these workers until it can devise some system of exchanging the farm implements of Chicago, the tires of Akron, the automobiles and trucks of Detroit, the cement of Cleveland, the steel and glass of Pittsburgh, the precision tools of Philadelphia and Connecticut, and the bituminous coal of West Virginia and Pennsylvania, for the food, clothing, and shelter which the unemployed workers in each of those areas need. One vital factor is transportation, rail transportation, for the efficient handling of bulky and weighty commodities over considerable distances. Another is the use of great aggregates of industrial equipment: coal and iron mines, blast furnaces, rolling mills, automobile and farm machinery factories. The fact that factories and railroads alike are idle or only partly utilized does not, of itself, make them any more available for the use of the hungry and shivering ex-worker.

III

MANY MINDS have tried to solve this problem. Professor Frank Graham, of Princeton, discusses it in a recent book, *The End of Unemployment*. He proposes that excess workers be re-employed within the existing business structure, but be paid in barter coupons, exchangeable only for articles and services made by other workers, similarly employed. Chain stores or mail-order houses would be utilized for distribution purposes, paying the new employees who handled this work on a similar scrip basis. The Harvard Business School, under the leadership of Dean Donham, has been working on a somewhat similar plan, and it has already been tried out in practice, in a small way, in some industrial establishments.

These suggestions, valuable as they are, do not seem to provide a rapid enough solution to the problem to meet the current emergency. The burden of relief is proving an impossible one in many communities and states; standards of relief have been reduced to such levels as to cause chronic undernourishment, disease, and actual starvation; in many cities, the payments are not sufficient to provide proper food alone, much less heat or adequate shelter. The development of "barter corporations," on a private or semi-private basis, may be too slow to save the health, the strength, or the morale of millions of victims of the depression.

The vital factor which is lacking in both the existing and proposed structure of barter operations is rail transportation. Self-help unemploy-

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ment relief in the great industrial centers of the East can become effective only if rail transportation can be brought in to move the great quantities of coal, iron, steel, and other heavy raw materials which are essential to industrial production and to carry on the complex interchange of partly manufactured and finished products which would be involved. Truck transportation, which has been relied upon so far in the western barter schemes, is not enough. This problem cannot be met by paying the railroads in cash, for their freight rates are still higher than the traffic can bear in many lines; while the barter organizations themselves could get cash only from relief funds or by selling goods in competition with existing private producers. To be most fully effective, some means must be developed whereby the unused capacity of the railroads and the idle railroad employees can be brought into the scheme on a barter basis, the same as facilities and workers in other industries. Federal action would obviously be necessary, at least to the extent of modifying the Interstate Commerce Commission and Railway Labor Acts enough to permit of the railways participating in barter arrangements. Given rail transport, paid in kind, further developments might be left to the barter corporations or associations; or their growth might be more directly accelerated by governmental assistance.

IV

One conceivable scheme would be for the government to aid in establishing a co-ordinating or federating national barter agency, which would handle transactions between local, state, or regional units, leaving all the arrangements for local production and distribution to local units, and with the central agency restricted to arranging for the inter-regional transportation and exchange. Another possibility would be for the federal government itself to establish a broad system of production and exchange on a national basis, doing all the work itself, where no other agency existed, and co-operating with such agencies existing.

There are many ways in which federal aid might be applied. We might create an Unemployed Army or an Emergency Self-Help Army to produce the things it needed for itself, just as we have already created a Civilian Conservation Corps to work in the forests. Or we might establish an Emergency Production Administration, to organize the idle men to produce the things they need. The national agency might be set up under a variety of names and might be organized under any one of a score or more of different systems. But exact details of name and organization are immaterial — a capable contractor can build a comfortable house according to any one of a thousand different plans. It is more important to investigate the fundamental problems of the proposal.

Among the significant questions are: (1) Can self-help production and exchange be applied on a national scale? and (2) Can they be developed in the congested industrial areas, where unemployment is already heaviest and most serious and where natural conditions are least favorable for the spontaneous development of self-sustaining barter systems?

To lend concreteness to the discussion, we may sketch in detail one of the ways in which federal assistance might be applied, merely to suggest some of the possibilities which might be developed and some of the economic problems which are involved.

1. Assume, for sake of illustration, that a national agency would be established as a governmentally owned and chartered corporation, the Emergency Production Corporation (E.P.C.). Authorize the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to advance to the Emergency Production Corporation initial capital of $100,000,000, to acquire stocks of commodities prior to commencement of its own operations; such funds, plus interest, to be repaid out of resale of similar commodities prior to its winding-up. Except for these initial and winding-up operations, no purchases or sales to be made in cash.

2. Authorize the E.P.C. to issue scrip, coupon books, or tokens, in payment of wages and purchase of materials. Such scrip to be non-negotiable and non-transferable and subject to a progressive discount if not spent within a week or month (to maintain a steady balance between production and consumption within the system).

3. Where local barter organizations are already operating, arrange for them to co-operate as local or regional units of the national system.

4. Amend the I.C.C. Act and the Railway

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Labor Act to permit railroads to haul freight and passengers for the E.P.C., receiving scrip in return; and permit them to use this scrip in payment of the additional railway workers employed to handle this traffic, and in purchase of materials and labor to repair depreciation resulting from such increased traffic; but not in paying railway employees employed to handle traffic paid for in cash. A limited portion of the scrip might be transferred by the carriers to holders of bonds and stocks, in payment for the use of the properties.

5. Authorize the E.P.C. to take over idle mines, factories, or other industrial equipment and to operate them through its own employees or subsidiary agencies. In return for the use of such plants, they might be made temporarily exempt from all taxes, as governmental instrumentalities; and would be returned to their owners as soon as they had given satisfactory evidence of ability to utilize or operate them themselves at a profit. Perhaps a limited amount of scrip might be turned over to municipal, state, and even federal governments for the partial maintenance of their employees and institutions, in lieu of taxes remitted on the plants thus seized and operated. A limited amount of scrip might also be turned over to the owners for disbursement to bondholders and stockholders.

6. Where industrial plants are operating at a low level of employment, authorize the E.P.C. to contract with the owners or management to hire additional men for the account of the E.P.C. and to turn the product of their labor over to it, on a basis similar to that proposed for railways.

7. Authorize the E.P.C. to establish a Service of Supply, to handle the concentration and wholesale and retail distribution of its products — sales to be solely in return for payments in scrip; or to arrange with established commercial agencies for such distribution, on a similar basis.

8. Authorize the E.P.C. to acquire basic raw materials, such as farm products, iron ore, and timber directly from the producers, in exchange for scrip; or to operate idle mines, saw mills, etc. on the same basis as other plants, paying in scrip for the ownership of the minerals or timber.

9. Authorize the E.P.C. to acquire imported raw materials, such as rubber, coffee, silk, etc. by exchanging therefor products from its own activities, such products not to be resold within the country, but to be exported and used or disposed of outside the United States.

10. Make it illegal for any employee of the E.P.C. or other individual or organization receiving scrip in return for services rendered, to resell for cash any product or service acquired through payment in scrip.

11. Establish the scrip prices or payments for goods and services at the beginning, at such a level as to maintain proportions between them similar to those which prevailed during the period 1910–14 or 1922–28. Thereafter, authorize the officers of the corporation to modify these exchange ratios so as to balance consumption and production of each product within the system and so as to maintain solvency (in terms of scrip).

12. Require that wages of all employees of the E.P.C. be paid only in scrip; and limit the maximum scrip payment to any worker to ten times the lowest scrip wage. Organize the E.P.C. on a democratic basis, with the responsibility for direction and discipline decentralized, so far as is found workable to do so.

V

These broad provisions call for the creation of an integrated public corporation, operating throughout the country and producing and distributing the products and services which its employees needed. The task of its creation would be roughly comparable to the task of creating the A.E.F. in 1917 and 1918, except that it would be far simpler in many respects. It would organize workers, resources, and equipment already available to produce somewhat as they have produced in the past; whereas, in the war, new factories had to be built to meet a huge demand piled on top of anything we had done before.

It would not be necessary that the E.P.C. should function with as great efficiency as private business functions. Even if it were only half so efficient, it could provide its workers a standard of living far higher than that they now receive from private or public charity. Even more important, it would make them self-respecting, self-supporting citizens once more. During the months or years they had to

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wait for competitive business to provide regular jobs for them they would be caring for themselves. Even though their living was simple and unostentatious, they would lead healthy and active lives; and they would share in the pride of achievement.

How rapidly could such a system be developed? The initial capital could be used to acquire stocks of commodities from commercial sources, so that from the very beginning the employees could exchange their scrip for goods. At first a simple, standardized level of consumption might be set, and industries set going to produce those things; then, as those fundamental needs were met, other and more elaborate industries taken on, to produce a wider and more varied standard of consumption. Eventually, building and construction goods of all kinds might be produced, and the use of houses for the employees be paid for by the physical renovation and re-equipping of run-down properties, or perhaps even by the actual rebuilding of slum areas and other underequipped, urban, residential areas. The necessary goods, equipment, and labor stand ready at hand, waiting only for some system of organization to combine them together.

How would such a system affect private business? In the first place, it would reduce the heavy burden of cash payments for relief, which is now being carried through charity and taxes. While it would eliminate that part of the cash demand which arises from relief expenditures, it would increase to a practically equivalent extent the cash remaining for expenditure in the hands of those now employed. Only to the extent that relief expenditures are being paid out of borrowings, on bonds, or otherwise would the substitution of this self-help system reduce the cash purchasing power in the hands of the public. That would, however, reduce the pressure on governmental budgets, improve the value of bonds, and leave the bond market free to absorb new issues for capital construction and other commercial purposes and so hasten the recovery of private business.

VI

THE CRITICAL point to the whole proposal is the extent to which the relief-production-exchange system could be kept separate, walled-off from the private production and sale under the competitive system. Standards of living would be lower for the E.P.C. employee than for the workers who had jobs outside. His real wage would most certainly be lower, at least at the start. If the products of the emergency system were permitted to enter into price competition with those of private production, they would tend to force the cash wages in outside work down to the real level of the relief, or scrip, wages; and would tend to substitute the emergency-system product for the private-competition product. If this were permitted to happen, it might prolong the depression and defer the time when private industry could reabsorb the E.P.C. workers.

The possible depressing effect would be eliminated if the products of the emergency system were used only for the consumption of the workers in that system and if direct sale of E.P.C. products in competition with private products was strictly prevented. Private enterprise would then gain the full advantage of the increased purchasing power due to reduced relief expenditures. At the same time, the gradual removal of surpluses of products such as wheat, cotton, copper, rubber, lumber, and tin, through acquirement and use by the E.P.C., would help maintain the higher prices, re-established confidence, and increased credit, which appear to be essential for the re-establishment of business activity and employment through the operation of private capitalism.

Congress has recently passed a law creating a federal relief administration and providing half a billion dollars for direct federal aid to states in carrying their burdens of emergency relief. This bill recognized the possibility that organizations based on the barter principle might be of special assistance in meeting the problem of unemployment and included authorization for the use of funds to assist such organizations. The administrators are experimenting to determine how far they will emphasize this part of their work. The barter development that might take place under present laws would be, however, rather limited. The more drastic proposal sketched in this article is in advance of anything which can be attempted under existing laws. It may be of interest, though, as indicating a possible direction for the broader development of barter and self-help activities among the unemployed.

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EDUCATION UNVISITED

BY ROBERT HILLYER

No one who was in the late war will forget the ineptitudes of military correspondence. Graphed by theoretical experts as the most efficient communication, it ground its weary way through "endorsement" after "endorsement" — signed by everybody from the sergeant to the general — until the dozen pencils or the thousand fuses requested arrived at a spot long since deserted by friend and foe alike. America loves its systems, and they have made it the most inefficient country in the modern world. When the shells were landed at Brest and the fuses to fit them at Bordeaux, "Oh why can't they marry them!" sobbed a distracted Ordnance officer. And when the Armistice was signed: "Thank Heaven! A week more and the American army wouldn't have had one round of ammunition left."

In the deepening philosophy of our misfortunate times, many of these systems have been called into question as more appropriate to the gaming tables of Monte Carlo than to a mature society, and they have fallen into disrepute. Only in education — the least exact field of this most inexact world — have they not only survived but flourished. Gross and bloated as was the Service of Supplies which precariously filled the needs of soldiers at the Front, it was simple in comparison with that behind the lines of advancing intellect. The teacher is landed at Brest and the student at Bordeaux. There is no marriage of true minds.

It is my purpose here to review the observations of some years. Surmises I shall omit, no matter how great may be the temptation to speak of normal schools and graduate schools of education, the imbecilities of which, though notorious, have not come under my direct gaze.

The Important Element in Education

In the first place, I should like to go back to a parting of the ways which is strategic but seldom visited. Which is the important element in education: the subject to be taught or the person who teaches? The Athenians considered that if a youth allied himself to either the Academy or the Lyceum, he was not likely to go wrong, however much Plato and Aristotle might differ in their views. The Sophists, on the contrary, who esteemed merely the subject, were of ill repute and bequeathed an opprobrious term to the language. Even Socrates blanched when he was accused of being one of them. The question of teacher or subject, I insist, is the primary decision in education. Since the entire fabric of education in America, involving charts, examinations, normal schools, graduate schools, and countless other formulae, is based on the subject merely, the strayed reveler from the Academy or the Lyceum finds himself lost amid a snarl of sophists. Yet if one will grant that education involves wide experience of this world — or the reflection of it — wide reading, and an ability to make a well-patterned life in an ill-patterned existence, and if one will further grant that such qualities are almost quite lacking in America, in spite of its feverish regard for college degrees, then a question may be raised which, were it to be answered, would change the whole aspect of American culture.

It seems clear to me that in this country education and scholarship have become inextricably confused. One would need the pen of Jonathan Swift to describe adequately a system in which specialists seek to train other specialists amid a world void of general cultivation. The young man who receives a degree from an American college has passed between sixty and seventy examinations in subjects merely, and his degree is the summation of these and of nothing else Nine times out of ten he turns out to be an uneducated product, with whom to spend an evening would relax the

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intellectual fibers of a dolt. He crammed himself four times a year with data, memory passages, chemical formulae, paradigms, "spot passages," and other objectionable and superfluous nonsense, in order to pass his examinations. He passed them. Meanwhile, his real life went on quite unilluminated by the intrusion of a single thought. There was a split, almost a defiance, between his true self and what the college demanded of him. Do not ask me for evidence of this. Ask the average undergraduate. Or number the tutoring schools which cling, as shacks used to cling to the walls of Notre Dame in the pre-Haussmann days, to the environs of every university in the country. And aside from the tutoring schools, which are the privilege of those who can afford them, consider the unrecorded benevolence of student to student in the midnight imparting of pre-examination facts.

Scholarship — which is a specialty — and education — which determines society — must be separated. Scholarship is the subject; education, the man. Both are necessary, but whereas scholarship ought to be the possession of those few to whom it pertains (like medicine, the law, and other circumscribed fields), education must be as widely disseminated as possible, if ever our population is to be leavened to even a mild ferment.

I know an educated man who graduated from Harvard some fifteen years ago. He is not a scholar, but the education which he indubitably has (thanks to the men he chose for his guidance) is the result of his having known wise and enlightened human beings. His courses, as far as the subjects were concerned, were chosen at random — or at least as much as was possible under the somewhat rigid system of that time. The hodgepodge included studies of Tennyson, the philosophy of the Greek dramatists, Plato and neo-Platonism, French literature, Freudian psychology, the military strategy of Napoleon, versification, music, Chaucer, the Florentine painters — a list that reads like a maniac's dream. But the men who taught him taught him also to make himself at home in his own world. They gave him facts, of course, and on every subject under the sun, and they gave him examinations; but although to-day he could scarcely pass again the tests he so glibly passed fifteen years ago, a sufficient residue of knowledge is left, and with it something of inestimably greater value — the memory of the men who taught.

When we think of education, let us think of Jowett, of Dill, of Quiller-Couch, of Tarbell, of Briggs, of Copeland, of Santayana, of Abelard, of Plato — scores of men, scattered over the globe and through the centuries, who indeed led forth the best from the minds of the young. Even some of the lesser characters, remembered, perhaps, as much for their eccentricities as for their actual teaching, contributed much.

The Ph.D. System

Yet even in the fifteen years since my graduation from college I have witnessed a gradual stiffening of system that takes no account of the teacher as person and that so limits the activities of the student's mind that he would be afraid to take courses not directly of utility in the passing of examinations. The long digressions that were so enriching a part of Barrett Wendell's course in Shakspere would be received by the average undergraduate of to-day with perplexed impatience. What material, there, would be available toward the winning of a C, let alone a grade to be recorded for a degree with honors? None at all. One student, however, who chose his courses according to the men who gave them, found the digressions of Barrett Wendell and his peers a fund of wisdom, from which, during the war years and other turbulences into which he was plunged immediately after graduation, he managed to fashion a tolerable philosophy of living.

I could not better caricature the prevailing mood than to cite an extreme instance of it. A student came to my office with some problem concerning syntax. I was about to tell him what he wanted to know, when my attention was distracted to another subject, which, in turn, led me, since the day was leisurely, to a discourse on the beauties of Mackail's translations from the Greek anthology. Perhaps I even read him a few samples. I was rudely awakened from my reverie by an efficient voice: "But you have strayed from the subject. Won't you give me this information? I want to make a note of what you say." I can not doubt that, although my information enabled him to correct the single sentence he had in mind, his soul will split its infinitives forever, and his spirit will be

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but a dangling participle. Certainly he will never read Mackail.

It would be tedious and repetitive to weight the influence of the Ph.D. system in the general standardization. Yet it must be briefly touched upon, for its importance is unquestionable. The degree, as everybody knows, has become the "passed by the board of censors" for all aspirants to pedagogy. Many western colleges will consider no one who has failed to achieve this badge of dullness. It is to higher education what the normal schools are to secondary education. Its general effect has been unqualifiedly harmful. William James saw the dangers inherent in such a system, decades ago, and spoke his warning vigorously. Others of equal wisdom have expressed — quite informally, and they are not to be quoted — abhorrence for the entire scheme. It has resulted in the training of more specialists than are necessary, who, in turn, with that lack of proportion proper to specialists, put on modern youth demands which have no bearing on his life and forever remain divorced from it. He merely fulfills them to win his degree. The distance between Brest and Bordeaux widens at a speed to confound the geographers. A student delighted with the possibilities of the English language, who subscribes to that department of learning, may be taken in charge by a teacher who expounds every source of the Arthurian legend, who fails to hear the difference in cadence between Sir Thomas Browne and Ernest Hemingway, and whose spoken tongue is a tax on the higher nervous centres. The best that can be hoped for from such doctors is a genial antiquarianism.

What must be learned by our teachers — if ever they are gladly to learn as well as gladly teach — is that the average undergraduate is not a specialist and has no ambition to be one; that his education is to set the tone of society in America; that a culture at once agreeable, civilized, and procurable is within his reach; and that under the present system he is not getting it. I am not making a plea for mere smatterings or loquacious ignorance. I am aware that to know Shakspere one must read his plays and poems, and that a knowledge of chemistry is necessary to one who will some day be a doctor of medicine. But I also believe that "college requirements" are many leagues removed from recognition of such simple facts. I see no reason, for example, why a lover of Shakspere should memorize a list of sources which he can readily obtain from any standard edition. One might just as well memorize the telephone directory in order to have in mind the numbers of one's friends.

Most of all, I am affrighted at the sort of talk I hear whenever the members of my own generation, who are gradually stepping into power, gather together to devise new systems for instruction. Courses are relisted and renumbered, requirements for the various degrees are tinkered with, new schemes for grading are considered with almost passionate inventiveness; and, squirming in my seat, I ask if there is any aspiration to enlist such personalities as glorified our universities in the not-remote past. "This is a matter of subjects, not of personalities. The day of personalities is over. There aren't any. And even if there were, we don't want them." I thought of twenty tutors droning about medieval romances, which they know merely as links in a chain of source-material. I thought of a hundred bored students, noting down facts that they might, with freer conscience, relive that evening a medieval romance without knowing it. And a great sigh arose from the depths of my being, but otherwise I was silent. "It is better," says Chrétien de Troyes, "to be silent than inadequate."

Complicated Requirements

The view of education as a collection of subjects has resulted in a complication of requirements so vast that a trained lawyer could scarcely interpret them. Honors requirements, language requirements, theses, divisional examinations, general examinations, hour examinations, midyear examinations, final examinations, oral examinations, so many courses in this field with a grade above C, so many in that with a grade above B, allied subjects, unallied subjects — system piled on system, until we flounder in an undecipherable mess.

It is inevitable, too, that so complicated a scholastic scheme should demand an army of deans, committees, and secretaries for its functioning. How refreshing, in contrast, is this description of Yale College in the middle of the last century: "It is called Yale College. There are over five hundred young men who come

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from all parts of the country to be educated here. They study and lodge in those buildings which you see in the picture. Back of these are some much handsomer buildings containing libraries and a great many articles of apparatus, which are used in instructing the pupils. There are twenty gentlemen called professors, who are the instructors of these young men." Is it so necessary, in spite of other times, other customs, and the more elaborate needs of our age, that education should depart so very far from such simplicity?

Any resident of an academic town must, on leaving it for the world outside, feel shocked that the important concerns of his life have so little importance away from their center. This division of interests between the college and the living world — like the split between the spoken and written word in a language grown too old — has its source in the college itself, where youth rigidly divides his personality between that part which absorbs subjects and that part which lives. If there be no seepage from one to the other, how shall a man be at once lively and wise? Here I return to my original point to insist that the amalgamation of learning and life can be accomplished only through the influence of great personalities. Subjects and requirements are a distant second in importance.

The Ideal College

Should some benevolent patron present me with an endowment for the establishment of a college, I should give no modicum of thought to requirements, curricula, or buildings. I should, rather, meditate for a year or so on the personalities who dominate the various fields of human culture. I should consider their lives, their manners, their affability, their understanding — all their manly qualities, as well as their learning. Then I should invite them to reside in some pleasant New England city not far from the sea or from the hills. Hartford would do. These twenty gentlemen, called professors, would be assisted by perhaps twice as many young men of promise, whose duty it would be to foster in their students whatever knowledge and experience the students might be acquiring from the lecturers. I should award no degrees except honorary ones. These would be given to students who proved themselves worthy to step out on their own feet from beneath the shadow of the masters. There would be no set requirements. Surely we can more shrewdly judge a youth's character and ability by what he sets himself to do and carries out, under proper guidance, on his own initiative, than by his fulfilment, however brilliant, of a standardized task.

After two years of such education, the specialists among my students would have to depart to pursue learning in their chosen field at one of the many excellent institutions designed for that purpose. By the age of twenty, any young man should know whether or not he is to be a specialist, and just where his tastes lie. By postponing the question, we have set on immaturity a premium which controls most American personality to its death bed. My budding doctors, philologists, lawyers, and engineers would go forth to the study of their chosen vocation with a general education far superior to the one possessed by those who have studied under the present system.

Lastly, I should have no set system. A student might choose one course or six; the young men attendant on the professors would easily be able to gauge his motives and his capacity. If he were a foolish fellow who, because of the prestige of my college, wished to be able to tell his business associates that he had spent four years at Hartford under Einstein, or chin himself socially to an easy chair in one of the best clubs, I should accept his money cheerfully, knowing that each of us had gained something he might otherwise not possess. Such a phenomenon is by no means new. I fail to note that the eighteenth-century fops who attended Oxford damaged the place. If he were a wise fellow, he would go forth into the world as a civilized human being, an atom of leaven toward a better society. If he had an original and acquisitive mind, he could begin life with an honorary degree.

So, as the dream unfolds itself, I hear two preparatory-school graduates discussing their immediate future. Says the first of them, thumbing through a voluminous catalogue: "I am going to X University and take my A.B." And the second: "I'm going to Hartford to study with Santayana and Robert Frost." It was the Red Queen, wasn't it, who advised us to believe a dozen impossible things before breakfast?

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TWO BIRTHDAYS

A Short Story

BY ELIZABETH M. BISGOOD

THE JUNE sunshine lay in a thick stream all over the floor and had washed up on the bed when Harry woke up. He turned to look at his wife. He turned very gently so as not to disturb her, recalling her restless tossing in the night and grateful to see her sleeping so deeply and easily now. Her fair hair lay on the pillow, a continuation of the stream of sunlight, and her smooth, peach-brown skin was flushed. He smiled down at her for a minute, and Joy stirred in her sleep. Her eyes fluttered open, and Harry leaned across to kiss her.

"Happy Birthday, darling," he said.

"Darling . . . oh Harry, it's a lovely day." She reached out her arms to stretch and dropped them suddenly.

"Damn this baby," she remarked pleasantly.

"Joy, please moderate your language in front of the younger generation."

"Harry, if you are going to be pompous before your child is even born, I hate to think what kind of a father you'll make."

"Sometimes I hate to think of being a father at all."

Harry slipped his arm under Joy's head so that it fitted into the cup of his shoulder. They lay there very happy and contented for a few minutes, each thinking apart. After a while Joy said quietly:

"I know what you mean about hating to be a father. I wonder about it too. We have been so complete. . . I suppose that the baby will seem a little irrelevant. Still it will probably get to be as much a part of our lives as we are of each other's."

"Probably. How about getting up?"

"All right . . . but I shall be here until the baby comes unless you pull me up."

Harry laughed and stretched a mighty stretch. Then he got up and with great care pulled Joy out of bed.

"Now hold out your hands and shut your eyes," he said, "and I'll give you something to make you look very. . ."

"Not wise, Harry. I don't want to look wise."

"Who said wise? Go on, shut your eyes. Don't peek." He opened his bureau drawer and took out a package, wrapped in tissue paper and tied with one of his ties, and put it in her hands.

"Look," he commanded. Joy looked and burst into a gale of laughter at the bedraggled paper and stringy tie that were eloquent of Harry's struggle to do up a present. He could never tie packages. She gave him a kiss.

"No matter what is inside I'll love this best." Then she opened it and pulled out a yellow smock, fresh, new, and enormous. With a cry of delight she put it on. It buttoned with room to spare. It had neat cuffs and a wide collar of brown linen and big, brown patch pockets. Harry watched Joy's pleasure with a satisfied smile. He had tramped miles, in the bewildering plethora of shops, to find something that would be sure to meet. He understood more of Joy's hatred of her size than she suspected.

This helpless clumsiness seemed very funny to both of them. It wasn't Joy at all. The real Joy was slim and strong and quick. But this new Joy, who moved heavily and slowly, who couldn't dry her feet or get out of the bathtub, who looked tired and misshapen, pulled strange and unfamiliar strings in his heart. He laughed with her at her struggles to get on her shoes and, after watching her for a minute, put them on for her. He was gentle and careful with her and hid his solicitude in making fun of her. It was easier for both of them that way.

"Don't come down to breakfast until I call you," he told her as he started downstairs.

"Harry, not more presents. . . I've had one already."

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"Wait and see." In the breakfast room he fussed around, putting a flower in the ribbon which the shop had neatly tied around a big box and, for a loving minute, balancing the delicate trout rod he had chosen for Joy. Then he laid it — the line on and a fly at the end of the line — across the box at her place. He covered both, most inadequately, with a napkin. Then he went to the bottom of the stairs and called:

"You can come down now."

It was an hilarious birthday breakfast. Joy insisted on a fishing expedition as soon as they were finished and insisted, also, on saving the big box until luncheon.

"To have something to look forward to," she explained.

Harry felt he should forbid the fishing. He fought his desires with conscience, and conscience was defeated. After all it was what Joy wanted to do, and a quiet stroll by the river ought not to hurt her, he assured his protesting better judgment. There was no doubt that the fine art of fishing was Harry's dearest vice. He asked nothing better than to find a trout, lying in a pool shadowed by rocks and overhung by bushes, and to put his fly through the gap in the leaves so that it settled on the brown water as lightly as a shadow. To strike at the precise moment, to play the fish, and to land him were part of the art. To wet one's hands and lay him carefully back in the water to be caught again completed the circle. It was almost beyond his power to deny himself . . . and when backed by the delightful conviction that he was pleasing Joy by doing the thing he liked best in the world, the thing was settled before ever he began to consider it.

II

They walked along the bank of the stream. The morning, which began so radiantly, was misting with the promise of a hot day. But the stream laughed at the idea of heat as it splashed over the rocks, swirled for a moment into a white eddy, and then rippled off to lose itself in a clear, still stretch of golden water. The trees hung over the banks letting their new leaves trail. The ferns were still folded into stiff patterns, and the malachite moss was brilliant where the sun crossed it, and in the shadows lay soft and deep and cool.

"There never has been a nicer day," sighed Joy as she cushioned herself on the moss to watch Harry fish. He paid no attention to her but went on casting. Joy watched his back as he stood with one leg knee-deep in the stream and the other on a rock. He was bending forward, as though held suspended in his excitement. She delighted in the light, exact backswing of his arm, the spiral lash of the line across the patch of sky behind him, the slow sweep down of his fly, and, without breaking the water, its floating in the current, as tempting a bug as ever skimmed a stream in June.

"I don't see how any fish can resist Harry," thought Joy, and then added in her mind, "Very few do."

"Cast, strike — a fish. Cast, strike — no he missed it. Cast — no rise. Cast — a rise, but no bite. Cast, cast — there — another —." So Joy followed the pattern of Harry and the brown water and the moving of the fish among the cool stones, for an hour. They were rising well. Harry had caught eight but had kept only two. All up and down the water Joy could see the surface broken by the little circle of ripples that marked where a bug had lighted and a hungry trout had caught him. It was too tempting for Joy to resist.

"Harry, let me try my rod," she called. Harry shook his head for silence as he cast again into what Joy knew was his favorite pool. Joy leaned forward to watch. For a moment the fly drifted on the brown water. Then all at once there was a gleam of gold . . . the tip of Harry's rod went up . . . a flash and splash as the trout felt himself hooked . . . and Harry's line went singing out. The fish fought hard. He raced in circles, he dived, he jumped, he tried to tangle the line in a dead branch and then snap it across a rock. He lashed the pool into a fury and, when he found himself still hooked, started downstream. Harry went after him. Deep in the water now, he fought for a foothold on the slippery, green stones of the river bed. Once he slipped and just caught himself. Inch by inch, he began to reel in. For a moment the fish stopped his fighting, and it looked as though it were all over. Then he made a wild dive and almost jerked Harry off his feet. His landing net fell into the water and, as his line spun out and he followed his trout, he called back, "Pick up my net and follow me. Be careful not to fall."

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Joy was indignant. She started to protest, but Harry's back, absorbed in his struggle and oblivious of everything in the world but the plunging, racing trout, touched her heart. So she hauled herself up off the moss and made her burdened way to the edge of the water. Angry tears filled her eyes. It was outrageous to be so helpless and clumsy and it was even more outrageous of Harry to have so far forgotten her as to expect that she was the old, fleet Joy who had fished with him here in the first days of their marriage. She stared at the net, not six feet away.

"To hell with it," she burst out at the net and Harry and her own heaviness. She stepped into the water. One step with a firm foothold. She reached out but saw that it would be impossible to touch the net without falling. Another step. One more would make it. As she lifted her foot, the stone on which she was standing rolled. She swayed, tried to recover her balance, and went crashing toward the rock. Terrified, she reached out blindly and caught herself. Her hands hit the stone with a terrific wrench, and for a moment her slim wrists bore the unaccustomed burden of her great weight. Then she struggled for a foothold in the swift water, on the too-smooth stones. Very cautiously she raised herself up and found sound bottom for her weight. She stood there, with the net in her hand, calling on all her courage to retrace those three steps. Each lifted foot was a peril; each secure step, a victory. So she made her way back to the shore. Her resentment against Harry faded into pride that her body, hampered as it was and unbearably heavy, was still able to answer to his wishes and her will. Suddenly she sat down on the rock hard. A pain, coming from nowhere, shot through her like a cannon ball. For a moment it stunned her and then went, leaving no trace except dizziness and astonishment. So unexpectedly had it come and so fast had it gone that as Joy got up again she wondered if it had really been there.

"Where are you?" came Harry's urgent voice. "I need the net. He's a beauty."

"Coming," answered Joy, a little breathlessly, and dragged herself along the bank to him.

Harry was hot and happy. In the shallow water the fish was being reeled in, too spent

now to care. Harry took the net, and with a deft scoop the fish was wiggling inside it.

"He's a big chap . . . put up a grand fight," said Harry, looking lovingly at him. "He must be a good three pounds."

"He is lovely. Will you keep him?"

"Whatever for? We've got all we need for lunch." Very carefully, after he had wet his hands, he disengaged the hook from the fish's mouth and laid him back in the water. For a second the trout lay there not daring to believe that he was free and then like a streak he was gone. Harry and Joy laughed. Then Harry looked at Joy, compunction shadowing his pleasure.

"I should never have asked you to get that net," he said. "I hope it didn't hurt you."

"Oh no," she lied. "It was very easy. Harry, this is my rod and my birthday . . . please, can't I have a little fun now?"

"Only if you promise to give me the rod if the fish begins to fight." Joy thought of her three steps over the slippery stones and promised quickly.

It was getting hotter. Joy stood in a shady place on the river bank and cast. Once a fish rolled over her fly . . . a flash of brown and golden back and a break in the water . . . two or three times her fly was investigated, then rejected. But the fish were keeping to the cool depths and not rising now.

Harry sat on the bank and smoked his pipe. After a while he said, "Not rising much, are they?"

"Not much. One or two. I may get one yet." She cast and as her fly hit the water the pain shot through her again. She swayed a little, and it was gone. As the mist before her eyes cleared,

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she heard Harry's voice continuing, "I don't think you will. There's going to be a thunderstorm."

"There's going to be more than a thunderstorm, Harry, there's going to be a baby in this family." Joy's voice was strained. Harry leaped to his feet and in a stride was beside her.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"I've had two pains. One now and one when I got your net. Perhaps they don't mean anything, but they feel rather important." As she was speaking, Harry took her rod and net and put his arm around her.

"I don't know what got into me telling you to get that net," he muttered. "Come on home. Do you think you can walk, or had I better carry you? Do you feel awful?" His face was a little grim, and his eyes were unhappy.

"Of course I can walk and I feel perfectly all right. Don't be silly. I wish you wouldn't look as though the end of the world had come."

"But the pain . . ."

"It's gone now. It only lasted a second. I don't see why we have to go home. Some people have pains weeks ahead."

"No they don't. And anyhow, we aren't taking any chances of having the baby born in the river. We're going to town to the hospital as quick as we can get there."

"No, Harry, not on my birthday," Joy pleaded.

"Your's may not be the only birthday involved."

"But it may be days and days yet. . . ."

"Don't let's argue, Joy. The doctor said to come in day after to-morrow, anyhow, and to let him know at the first pain. Now you've had two. Why didn't you tell me about the first?"

"I may have to go to town, but I don't have to be scolded. They are my pains, to talk about or not as I choose."

"I suppose I have nothing to do with this child."

"Harry. . ." Joy's voice was hurt and surprised.

"Darling . . . forgive me. I am crazy. It is just that I am worried about you." Harry was penitent and frantic. He was dealing with something that was a complete mystery. Perhaps this kind of talk would make Joy worse. He must stop talking about the baby. He might frighten her. So he pulled himself together.

"How do you like that rod?" he asked.

"I love it . . . it is as light as a feather." So they talked about the rod and the fight with the trout, all the way home, covering their anxiety each from the other.

When they got back, Harry made the house spin. He sent servants scurrying in all directions while he sat glued to the telephone. He called the doctor . . . Joy's mother . . . his own mother.

While Joy was packing, she scarcely believed the thing that was happening to her. What if she had only imagined those pains. With all her heart she wished for another to convince her. Baby dresses, shirts, a tower of diapers, nightgowns, toilet articles, books—she watched the maid putting them all in neat piles in her bags. One bag for the baby, one for her. When she came out here again, she would be carrying the baby in her arms. She smiled at this and repeated it to Harry.

"When I come out again, I'll be carrying the baby in my arms, Harry. Won't that be nice."

"Swell. He wouldn't be walking yet, would he?"

"Oh, Harry, of course not. Babies don't learn to walk for years."

"I walked very young," said Harry with modest pride.

"I'm sure you did," laughed Joy.

"Is there anything else to go in this bag, ma'am?" asked the maid.

"Have you put in anything for me to wear back from the hospital?"

"I don't think you have anything suitable."

"Harry, what shall I do? I have nothing to wear home."

"Yes you have. Wait a minute before you shut that bag, Sally." Harry ran down for the big box and brought it to Joy. He laid it across her knees and said, "Happy birthday from your mother and your husband."

Joy unwrapped it and found a bright blue linen dress, incredibly small and smart, a tiny, tilted, white hat, and a pair of blue shoes.

"Oh, Harry, Harry, Harry, how heavenly of you to think of me as going to look so alluring! Darling, this is the most ravishing surprise in the world!" Joy flung her arms around his neck.

It had eased Harry's conscience to give this to Joy, as he suspected himself of more than a

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little selfishness over the matter of the trout rod. With the help of his mother-in-law, he had assembled this outfit at enormous pains and no little expense, having the masculine faith that if it costs more it must be better. In the middle of the festivity Joy suddenly lay back on her pillows.

"Ouch . . ." she breathed.

"Poor little Joy . . . another?" Joy nodded. This pain was more ferocious. Harry looked whiter than Joy as he sat there, helpless and frightened. "Can I do anything, darling?"

"It's all right. It's gone now."

"We'll go right in. How far apart were those two pains?"

"I don't know . . . about an hour I think."

"Have you finished your lunch?" Harry asked.

"Yes, but you haven't had any," answered Joy.

"I had some downstairs," Harry lied. He felt choked at the very thought of food. He couldn't possibly eat anything. "Put on your hat, and I'll put these bags in the car. . ."

"Not without my new clothes," cried Joy. "Sally, pack my new things very carefully on top. Then take the bags to the car."

III

By the time they started it was very hot. The day hung heavy and lifeless from the sky, and the world looked to Joy as though she were seeing it through yellow glasses. For the first part of the drive they sped smoothly ahead of the black clouds that piled up and menaced them from the east. As the wind rose, Harry said, "I hope we make the city before this breaks."

As Joy started to answer, another pain tore through her body, and a little cry broke from her.

"Oh Joy. . ." Harry bit his lip and said in a calmer voice, "Look at the clock, we must time the pains."

They didn't speak again. The sky darkened, and the grass burned bright green, and the wind rode the sky like a crazy thing. Joy looked at the speedometer. Sixty slid into seventy, and seventy, into seventy-five. Harry's face was set. He was racing the storm, he was racing death, and he was racing life. The countryside flew past them, contorted with the violence of the wind and strange under the ominous dark. The clouds in their sultry heat pressed down on Joy's burdened body. There was a rip and a crash and a shuddering. For an instant she thought the storm had broken . . . then she recognized it as her pain again. She looked at the clock. Ten minutes. She glanced at Harry. He hadn't noticed. She thought it better not to tell him. A low groan of thunder swept across the roar of wind and speed. Joy set her mind against the hour that must pass before she could be at the hospital. She thought about its whiteness and quiet. She thought about the wise hands of the doctor and the competent authority of the nurse. She didn't think about the ether yet. She was saving that. The next time, her pain made her cry out and reach for Harry's hand. It was in hers before she knew she sought it. He had fixed the mirror to see her face.

"Is it bad?"

"Quite bad." Then, as it trailed away, "Not so very bad."

"How long is it?"

"Ten minutes."

"Ye gods!"

Joy began to add. Every ten minutes meant six pains an hour. That left five more. She watched the marker on the speedometer show fifty, forty, thirty-five. They were in traffic. The thunder growled constantly now. The wind dropped abruptly. The storm dark and city dirt hung low and thick. It seemed to Joy that she fought for every breath.

"Damn this traffic," sobbed Harry under his breath, as they were stopped by a red light. Joy tried to answer, but speech was impossible. She clung to his hand, blinded by pain. There was nothing in all the world but herself and her pain.

"Five minutes." Harry's voice came from a long way off. Rebellion flooded Joy where pain had been. Only five minutes. That made ten pains more. It wasn't fair. She had nerved herself for every ten minutes, and now it would be every five. She thought about the ether. The blessed oblivion of ether during which her faithful body would produce life out of the chaos of pain. A relief came over her, and at the same time, fear. She had nothing in reserve against the next one. They leapt forward into a clear space in the traffic, and for a moment it

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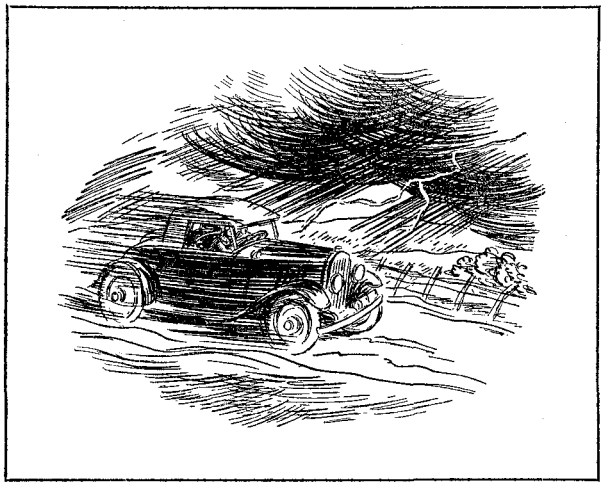

Drawings by Donald McKay

seemed to Joy that they were racing the pain and getting ahead of it. She almost sang. They were stopped again. Another red light. Harry looked savage.

"Next baby you go to the hospital a week ahead."

"Next baby . . . oh my . . ." Another pain struck, broke, and drowned her. As the agony ebbed, Joy saw that the wind had sprung up, whirling the dirt into spiral towers and sending the people scudding down the street like leaves. There was the scream of tearing cloth, and an awning was ripped away and tossed above the roof. The dirt in the streets swept up like waves of water, and somewhere a shutter crashed to the ground. Taxi horns and police sirens squealed, and the rumble of thunder roared in the distance.

"Hell let loose," said Harry, as Joy cowered under the impact of noise.

"How long was that last pain?" she asked.

"Five minutes."

"How long has it been since that one?"

"Four minutes."

"Will we soon be there?"

"Very soon, darling. Just a little bit longer."

"Oh, Harry . . ." Another pain cut through her, tearing at her very being. The sweat stood out in beads on her forehead, and her breath sobbed in her throat.

Harry wanted to scream but instead he said quietly: "Think how nice a baby will be. I hope it has eyes like you. I think it is going to be very fond of you. If I hadn't had you for a wife, I'd have adored to have you for my mother. They say that babies smile when they are very small. That means that you will see it smiling in a week. To-morrow you will see it and be able to play with it, and we'll have a bottle of champagne to celebrate . . . Oh, darling, can't I help . . . was it very bad?"

"Yes." Joy's voice was small and desolate. Harry's heart turned over, but he kept his voice steady, although he had to shout above the screaming wind.

"That was three minutes. We'll be there in ten minutes at the outside, and it will all be over soon." He put his foot down on the gas, and they shot past a truck and missed a car on the other side by the fraction of an inch. It was a wild trip. They skimmed past red lights, between cars, in and out in a breathless grapevine, while the wind shook at the tall buildings and the rumble of thunder closed in on them.

Pain crashed on the heels of pain. Between them were two minutes for whatever breath Joy could snatch from the dusty wind and the terrifying speed. She made no pretense any more of thinking of anything. Drained by the impact of one pain, she crouched down in the car and waited for the next one. Her pain was now the only intimate and familiar thing left to her in this mad chaos of cyclone and noise. Another. As it ebbed, Joy opened her eyes to see that the dark was almost like night . . . that people were running in the street to get away from what must come crashing upon them . . . that a policeman was whistling at them as they raced through the red light; but the wind took the sound and sent it spinning up against the growling clouds. Joy never heard it . . . that windows were slammed down in apartments and lights were being turned on . . . that a wooden signboard was hurled splintering against the sidewalk, and a woman screamed . . . that newspapers rioted in the air . . . that shutters slammed . . . a fire engine flashed past . . . then pain again.

The tires squealed as they whirled around the corner down the hospital street. They stopped. They were no longer flying before the storm, carrying their little destiny of pain and life. They were here. Harry sprang to help Joy out, and as she put her feet on the sidewalk the whole city of stone and steel cracked and crashed about her head. Lightning, forked and spitting like an adder's tongue, ripped down the belly of the storm. The heavens broke loose. Thunder collided with thunder. Lightning

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made Joy's face livid as she crumpled on the sidewalk under the overpowering pain and the deluge of driving rain that swept from the clouds. Harry stooped and picked her up. He strode into the hospital with her in his arms, glad and grateful that at last there was something he could do.

IV

JOY OPENED her eyes on four white walls, a curtained window, and a nurse too starched and clean to be true.

"What happened?" she asked.

"Now don't worry about anything," came the nurse's bland voice. "You are going to be fine, and very soon we'll have a fine little boy for you. Now I'll get you undressed."

"But what happened?" Joy insisted. "And where is my husband?" As she spoke, Harry walked in.

"Harry, what happened?"

"You fainted for a minute. I marched into the elevator and right up here and put you on the bed and then went down to sign their visitors' book. How do you feel?"

"All right. That was a wild ride."

"I think we'll get our little mother undressed before the doctor comes in," interrupted the nurse. "Will you wait outside, please?"

"Oh no, nurse. He's seen me undress before. Please let him stay," Joy pleaded.

"Very well, for a few minutes till the doctor . . . pain dearie? Hold my hands and push on them. It will make it easier." She looked at her watch. She felt Joy's contraction, then she looked at Harry. "How often have these been coming?"

"Two-minute intervals."

"Step down to the desk and tell them to ask the doctor to come here at once." She turned to Joy and deftly and swiftly undressed her. "You are very lucky," she told her. "Some first babies take a long time. You will have yours soon."

"How soon?"

"Well, I don't know exactly. The doctor can tell you better than I can. Here he is."

"Hello, Joy."

"Hello, Doctor Pete . . . how are you?"

"Fine, how are you?"

The doctor took Joy's hand in one of his. He turned to the nurse.

"Too late for any of the trimmings. Take her right up to the delivery room. I'll be up there." Then to Joy he said, "It will be all over by supper time, Joy, and we'll have a whiff of gas ready for the next pain. Keep your courage up. Harry, say *au revoir* to your wife and come with me."

"I'll be here if you want me, darling. See you for supper . . . darling." He bent down and kissed her gently.

"Don't forget the champagne." Joy laughed as he left. They had both avoided saying "goodbye."

In the hall the doctor said to Harry, "She's a great little soldier. At the rate she's coming now, it will all be over in a couple of hours, maybe sooner. She's in the second stage right now. Having real pains . . ." He said this with professional relish, until he saw Harry's face, then he added quickly, "She's felt the last of them. We'll help her over them from now on. Now you just sit down in here and make yourself comfortable and don't worry. We'll be down every so often to tell you how she's coming along. She couldn't be in better shape."

"Thank you, Doctor Pete. She couldn't be in better hands either."

V

AFTER THE doctor left, Harry paced up and down the dreary little waiting room. Out of the window he could see the wind and rain sweeping deserted streets. The thunder was moving away, and there were intervals now between the crashes and the lightning. The storm was easing off. Harry thought about Joy and was almost sick. With a resolute effort he turned his mind away from all that was happening in the tiled delivery room and tried to fix it on a magazine. The words danced on the page and made no sense. He pulled out a cigarette and lit it, neatly unfastening the cellophane wrapper. He stood looking at it, and the thought crossed his mind that it would be fun to make a fly out of cellophane. From long habit his hand went to the lapel of his coat and, sure enough, there was a bedraggled Royal Coachman, left over from some fishing trip. He cut the battered feathers from the hook.

"Now," he thought, "if I only had some silk thread I could make a fly." Where in a hospital did one get silk thread? Hospital . . . Good

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heavens . . . Joy . . . He jerked his mind away and wandered into the hall. He went up to the desk.

"Excuse me, but have you a little piece of silk thread?"

"Have I what?" An annoyed face under a starched cap stared at him.

"A little piece of silk thread."

"No."

"Do you know where I could find one?"

"What do you want thread for?"

"To tie a fly." The nurse was not a sportswoman. A fly was an insect to her. Here was a man who wanted to tie a fly to the end of a little piece of silk thread. He was obviously mad. She looked at him sharply. Just then the doctor appeared.

"How's Joy?"

"Doing splendidly. She's having ether now. We'll have you your baby soon. Don't worry. What are you doing out here?"

"He wants silk thread, Doctor, to tie up a fly." The nurse looked significantly at the doctor. The doctor threw back his head and made the hall echo to his howl of laughter.

"A fly, Miss Adams, is the lure which gentleman sportsmen attach to the end of their lines when they wish to catch a fish. By all means find him some silk thread. Good-bye and good luck, Harry. I'm off to catch you a seven-pound son." He departed, still chortling, and the nurse, with an angry look, handed Harry his thread.

He went back into the little waiting room. Sitting down at the table he cut up the cellophane very neatly and then, with great care and concentration, began to make his fly. He looked up once and noticed that the storm had stopped. He worked hard. For some reason he felt he was working against time, and his fingers flew about the delicate and complicated task. Once he stopped, and the sweat broke out on his forehead as he thought of Joy. The fly lay in his hand like a silly toy. How much was she suffering? Did women sometimes die in childbirth? He went into the lavatory and was sick. Then he felt better. The doctor said she was under ether and very strong. It would be all right. He went on carefully winding the silk thread around the little wings of cellophane. . . .

The doctor found him looking at the fly, shining and complete in his hand. "Congratulations, Harry. You have as fine a son as I've ever seen."

"It's over!" A sob rose to Harry's throat, and the tears stood in his eyes. "Is Joy . . ."

"Joy is splendid. She's still upstairs, but I'll send the nurse for you, when she comes down, and you can see her."

"Did you say it was a boy?"

"Seven pounds of boy. I wish you'd heard the little devil yell."

Pride swelled in Harry until he felt he must burst the walls of the hospital. A wide and foolish grin illumined his face. "Quite a lad . . . eh?"

"You'll see for yourself in a minute. I'm going to have another look at Joy . . . see you later."

Harry stood there with the smile spreading and spreading. The setting sun broke through the thin clouds and sent a strong fan of golden light into the room. Flecks of dust danced and drifted in the slanting shafts, but Harry didn't see them.

He saw a sunny river bank and a little boy in overalls and waders standing in the water with a fishing rod in his hand. He had wide blue eyes and yellow hair and freckles on his nose.

"Say, Dad, this is a great rod . . . will you show me how to cast?"

"It's a little tricky at first, but you'll catch on quickly. You take hold of it like this. . . ."

"Dad, this is a funny fly, all shiny. Where'd you get it?"

"I made that for you, sonny, while you were being born. . . ." Harry turned quickly, realizing that someone had spoken.

"Would you like to see your son?" The nurse stood there with an absurd little bundle in her arms. A fluff of yellow down and a miniature hand showed over the blanket. Harry stared at the hand. Then he smiled, wider and wider.

"So that's the little devil. He's not very large, is he? May I shake his hand?"

"Certainly. I wish he weren't asleep. He has lovely blue eyes." Harry approached the bundle cautiously and looked down into the tiny crumpled face. With one finger he very gently opened the little fist and laid the shining fly in the tiny moist palm.

"See, sonny," he said, "I have a present for you."

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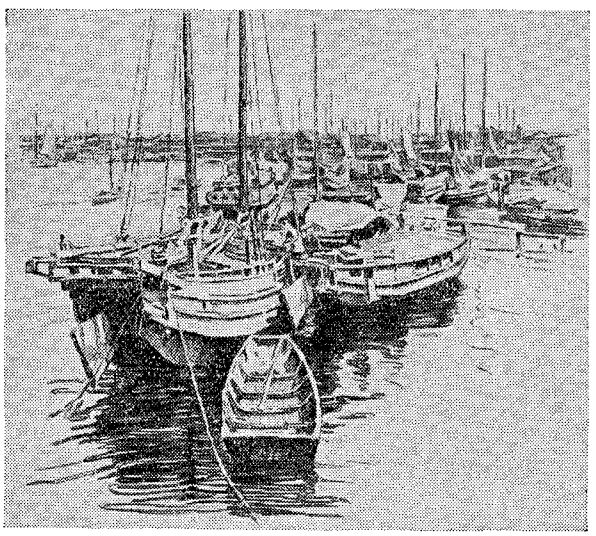
JAPANOPHOBIA

BY ROY MATHEW FRISEN



Drawings by George B. Mitchell

TILTING AT windmills has become one of the greatest indoor sports for many professional and amateur writers who have filled pages of newspapers and magazines with millions of words predicated on the possibility of a war with Japan.

We have had impressed upon our minds that Japan is a beehive of industry, feverishly preparing for *Der Tag*, when she will in one fell swoop be able to set upon our Asiatic Fleet, seize the Philippines, take the Hawaiian Islands in stride, wipe out our battle fleet, blow up the Panama Canal, invade the Pacific coast, and with a huge fleet of airplanes bomb every city, village, and haystack in the Pacific states.

The United States is slated to become a colony of Nippon. Once conquered, our fate is to be a sad one. We are to be subjugated, enslaved, or annihilated by the invaders. In the face of this horrible menace we are helpless.

We are solemnly assured that our navy is rusting into unserviceability, is practically obsolescent and impotent right now; that our national defense establishment is dangerously like a combined boy-scout and sea-scout organization, pretty, but ineffective as a fighting machine. Our muscles are flabby, weak from undernourishment, while the national stomach is bulging with bureaucratic self-indulgence. What we need is more ships, more sailors, more planes, more soldiers, more everything. But why insist we need them to oppose Japan?

Why can't we read a little about peace with Japan? Is the United States to be fed entirely on a literary diet of corrosive, poisonous, mind-upsetting war food as regards the future relations between the two countries, when a little soothing, nerve-quieting fare would do us a lot of good? All hostility and no friendliness in a vast amount of literary food is as dangerous to the public welfare as a diet made up entirely of pickles. Painful symptoms can be expected in either case. If anybody has written anything good about Japan's intentions, amazingly little of it has appeared. Only war-minded writers are writing about Japan, apparently.

If but half of the inflammatory words had breathed the spirit of peace and co-operation, instead of fostering hate and hostility, what a beneficial effect they would have had! The lies circulated by unprincipled or uninformed writers, and the alarmist frothings of prejudiced, reason-stretching "experts" have done incalculable harm in arousing suspicion against Japan in America, at the same time putting fear and suspicion into the minds of the average, peace-loving Japanese, who has no more desire to invade the United States than the average American has to invade Japan.

War-minded scribes have run up a high temperature, lunging at lazily turning windmills. We are afflicted with jingoes of about the same kidney as the jingoes of Japan. Both are advancing their own interests. Ours have baited the Japanese for years, and now both bands are bulging their muscles, thumbing noses at each other, making unholy noises that

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drown out whatever expressions of friendliness come from elsewhere.

Our jingoes see dark, menacing shadows where there is nothing but light, and stutter an overwhelming fear of an imaginary bogey man, or else, like stodgy, solemn judges, gravely nod heavy heads in affirmation of their profound conclusions, anxious over the fate this country is to meet at the hands of a small nation five thousand miles away.

II

War between the United States and Japan is possible, but exceedingly improbable. Why should the little empire of Asia seek to attack us, one of the largest, strongest nations on earth, whose wealth exceeds her own tenfold? The alarmists aver that Nippon is playing a waiting game; that she has long planned aggression against us; that war with us will be the climax to many years of patient plotting.

They claim Japan hates the United States. They are wrong; Japan as a nation does not hate us. The Japanese jingoes hate us, just as the American jingoes hate Japan. Neither make any bones about that. But because the American jingoes with their blood-spilling complex hate Japan, why involve the other 125,000,000 Americans? At most, the average American merely wonders vaguely if the Japanese aren't a bit too precocious; this foggy idea comes from a casual acquaintance with statements which claim that Japan is plotting to attack the United States, to annex it because Asia is not large enough for her, and the like.

Americans are probably largely ignorant of the fact that many of the published stories against the Japanese contain malicious lies. They have no time to delve into foreign relations and determine for themselves the extent of a "Japanese Menace" from overseas. They have not the time, inclination, nor facilities to separate the true from the meretricious.

It is perfectly true the Japanese have real cause for some sullenness and distrust of the occidental nations. The United States, in sending a squadron of warships to the sleepy, isolated islands of Nippon in 1853 and, purely for commercial gain, threatening to shoot up the defenseless cities of a people whose prime weapons were still the sword and bow and arrow, made a tremendously bad impression. To understand how they felt about it, merely reverse the situation.

Oddly though, the Japanese are now grateful that we did awaken her, although rudely, and force her to open her ports to commerce, for she found the occidental nations greedily seizing control of all possible areas. Japan, in her bow-and-arrow state, would have been easy

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prey for the land-hungry powers had she not been awakened in time to meet the aggressiveness of an armed occident. As it was, Japan was forced into unequal treaties that required many years of strenuous effort to abrogate, and in a number of instances was contemptuously treated by the western powers.

While the humiliation suffered by Japan from our browbeating of 1853 has been dulled by the passage of time, our action in frustrating her program of seizing Eastern Siberia after the World War to establish a buffer state against Russia is fresher in the minds of present-day Japanese. The dramatic Iman affair and subsequent events developed considerable friction between us that culminated in a sharp demand upon the Japanese government by our Secretary of State to withdraw many of her troops from Siberia. This was followed by a more threatening attitude in 1920 and 1921, when, at the demand of the United States, Japan entirely gave up her Siberian campaign. It is significant that many present-day Japanese jingoes were behind that campaign.

But the hardest blow had not yet been delivered. Orientals were barred from American naturalization in 1870, but the exclusion clause in the Immigration Act of 1924 rubbed the Japanese raw and dipped them in brine. It was a sorry piece of discriminatory legislation. The Japanese smarted mightily then and still do, though with decreased intensity, at an obnoxious law that implies they are racially inferior.

III

CONSIDER WHAT Japan may think about the United States in the light of more recent events. We can understand to some extent why she is suspicious of the occidental nations on general principles, and why our joining with the League of Nations in condemning her Manchurian campaign is resented. The continuous flood of anti-Japanese material in the United States is closely watched by observant Japanese. It would be natural for these attentive observers to wonder whether or not somebody was deliberately fostering an anti-Japanese spirit among the American people, so that they might be receptive to a suggestion of war with Japan whenever it suits the plans of the propagandists. The Japanese jingoes eagerly seize upon material of this kind as evidence that Japan is facing a very real "American Menace." They actually have more reason to fear us than we have them. And our muscle-flexing moves in the Pacific have not helped matters any. Many Japanese are genuinely concerned as to whether we have imperialistic ambitions in the Orient. If so, they reason, wouldn't we have to wipe out Japan first, as our chief obstacle?

It is difficult to believe the United States has any ulterior designs on Japan, or that we are preparing to invade the islands of Nippon. There is not even a remote danger of our launching a campaign of aggression against Japan. The idea of an invasion of the United States by Japan is even more ridiculous than the idea of an invasion of Japan by us.

IV

CONSIDER THE economic side of the question, a matter of paramount importance. Japan is dependent for her economic existence upon her foreign trade, which is dwindling rapidly, save for temporary upward spurts. The United States is her best customer, taking from forty to forty-five per cent of her total exports. Japan simply cannot afford to cut her throat economically by throwing off the income from America. The trade with Manchukuo will have no compensatory effect for many years to come, and the raw materials in Manchukuo cannot soon supplant those imported from the United States. Japan is not capable of manufacturing sufficient munitions with which to wage an offensive campaign against us, and it is highly improbable that other manufacturing nations would supply her should she engage in a war of aggression.

War with the United States would demand enormous expenditures. Japan could not finance so vast an undertaking, and, considering the gamble, it is doubtful if any other nation would lend her money or credit. The national debt of Japan has doubled in the past dozen years and promises to increase further. She is in dire financial straits, with little improvement in sight.

Thus, alone and unaided, even without the threat of attack from enemies on the Asiatic continent, Japan could not hope to achieve the impossible. It would be disastrous. Her powerful fleet could readily brush aside our Asiatic

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Fleet and capture the Philippine Islands, could take Guam and Midway Island, and land on several of the main islands of the Hawaiian group if our naval force proved unable to keep her offshore. The island of Oahu, with its protective establishment for the naval operating station at Pearl Harbor, could not likely be taken, despite the large number of alien Japanese residents, of whom probably a number might be willing to sacrifice their lives in attempts at sabotage and the like. Even with Oahu in her hands, Japan could never reach the mainland United States without first blowing our fleet off the high seas, and in that case her strength would have been nearly spent upon reaching coastal waters. If Japan caught us unawares in an initial, massed attack, we might be forced to the defensive for a time until we were fully mobilized, but eventually we could leisurely retake the captured islands and move on to Japan in retaliation. From every standpoint — money, resources, manpower, position, and support — the United States has a tremendous advantage over Japan, and the latter has no chance in a death struggle with us. It is not necessary to peek into the secret files of the Japanese Imperial Government to learn that aggression is not planned against us. The obvious, governing, external facts tell us that it is well nigh impossible.

Having adopted the German military system in principle, and studied the art of war from the Teutonic viewpoint, Japan doubtless paid no attention to the American history-book accounts of our glorious successes in the wars running from the Revolution to, and including, the Civil War. She, in common with Germany and our late allies, had delved into our actual military history and smiled disdainfully. But the World War showed them that, with the death of the evil volunteer system, also died our military incompetency. We proved ourselves equal to the best. Japan, in attacking the United States, knows exactly what she would be up against, that an attack would weld the American people together in a defensive band impossible of breakage by her.

V

Consider also another aspect. In 1895, Japan thrashed China, and China has since then carefully kept alive the spark of enmity for Japan and all things Japanese. There breathes scarcely a Chinese south of the Great Wall who does not hate Japan with all his heart. Nippon's activities in Manchuria and Shanghai have fanned that spark into a fierce flame of deadly hatred that may be hidden, but not quenched. Japan completely routed the Russians in 1905 and thwarted their efforts at taking over Manchuria to acquire a warm-water port on the Pacific. The Soviet Russians inherited the old hatred for things Japanese and are diligently preparing to get their revenge. The repeated proffers of a non-aggression pact have not fooled the Japanese, who know Russia is stalling for time. Russia knows she lost the campaign in Asia because her army fought at the end of a rickety, single-track railroad, four thousand miles from the source of supply, and, when the railroad broke down, the line of communications was severed, a fatal event for any army. To-day the Reds have over a third of a million good troops quartered in Eastern Siberia, have stored away huge amounts of war reserve supplies near the Manchurian border, and are rapidly double-tracking the Trans-Siberian Railroad. When Russia is ready, and she will be in a few years, Japan will have her hands full — and she knows it.

Japan is fully aware that unless a miracle prevents, she will be forced to fight to the finish an awakened and organized China and a tremendously powerful Russia, the first and third largest countries on the face of the earth, in point of population, and first and second in point of geographical area. Combined, they outnumber her well over six to one in manpower, and have inexhaustible resources. Only through energetic preparation can Japan hope to save herself from annihilation. A moment's sober thought should convince the most rabid American anti-Japanese of this.

Japan is building a huge navy, hoping to obtain parity with the United States and Great Britain. She is building fighting planes, and training pilots. She puts her conscript army through winter maneuvers no other nation in the world would dare attempt; this to harden her troops and accustom them to unbelievable hardship of the sort they might meet on the North Asian field of battle. She is establishing a buffer state on the Asiatic continent and planting an army there. She is doing this and more,

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but not one move is necessarily being made with the ultimate aim of a war with the United States.

VI

THE JINGOES of Japan may shake their fists at us across five thousand miles of water, and they may curse us as our jingoes curse them, but in each case the hostile gestures are prompted by selfish motives. Each jingo has an ax to grind, a pet ambition to realize. At best they are motivated by excessive patriotic zeal that prompts them to defame and crucify another people to gain their own ends. Our alarmists, who glance fearfully across the broad Pacific at a tiny nation of islanders, are like a large fighting cock ruffling its neck feathers and brandishing its spurs at the doings of a week-old chick, industriously scratching away in the barnyard. We may need a larger fleet and a bigger army, but let us not be hoodwinked by balderdash into believing we need them as protection against Japan.

In the event Japan went to war with the United States, there would be prompt action by China to recover Manchuria. Soviet Russia would doubtless lose no time releasing the military catapult she has been industriously winding up on the borders that hem in half of Manchukuo. Beset on all sides by powerful antagonists, what chance would Japan have of delivering a telling blow at the United States? None. She simply cannot engage in major conflict on two widely separated fronts. It would mean national obliteration.

Alone, Japan will never go to war with us. Should we go to war with one or more world powers, and, assuming that Japan really does want to meet us in mortal combat, she might enter the contest as an ally of our opponents. Even so, her part in an offensive against us, such as is feared by our verbose jingoes, would be negligible. China would never remain neutral while Japan wages war against the United States. China hates all foreigners, but she holds an especial hatred for the Japanese. She would like nothing better than a chance to attack Japan while the latter is diverted. And there would still be the Russian menace. Japan would probably have more than she could handle in Asia, defending herself against a bloodthirsty pack of enemies who would leap upon

her the moment she weakened herself by dispatching her fleet and an expeditionary force to America or our possessions.

VII

JAPAN AS A snarling menace to our national security, ready and anxious to pounce upon us with bared fangs? Ridiculous! Poppycock! Absurd!

War between the United States and Japan? No — it doesn't make sense. Let us be reasonable. Let us use our good, old, common, American, horse sense. Suppose that, instead of fostering suspicion and hatred of Japan, we bend our intelligent efforts to understanding the Japanese people and to cultivating their good will and co-operation. The Japanese are splendid people when you get to know them. They are like us, under the skin, and while some of their customs differ from ours, that is inconsequential and no obstacle whatever to our becoming fast friends for our mutual benefit and peace of mind. And our attitude now may have an important bearing on how we fare in the Pacific during the ensuing century.

We have had more than enough war talk. Now let us have some peace talk. Channing pointed out very pertinently that "Good will is far more fruitful than ill will. It brings back a harvest of roses, instead of rows of bright bayonets and eyes glittering with hatred."

Let us cultivate the roses.

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OUR MISUNDERSTOOD COMMUNISTS

BY MARGARET DOTY

If Communists went around in sheets and held their meetings in abandoned barns, the public could be no more mystified about them than it is right now. The only facts about them that Americans seem to possess are: (a) that they do not believe in God, and (b) that they are trying to overthrow the government. The popular notions of what Communists look like, where they come from, how they spend their time, and how they expect to accomplish their ambitions are all absurdly wrong.

Until a few months ago I shared the misconceptions. And it was only because curiosity about this revolution everyone is talking about overcame my fear of ogres that I went down to the headquarters of the Communist Party of America to investigate.

These headquarters are in an old loft building at 50 East 13th Street, New York. To get to the executive offices one must ride up eight floors in a shuddering freight elevator and walk down a corridor plastered with signs reading, "Comrades! Don't throw cigarettes on the floor. This is a Workers' building. Keep it clean." — the same sentiment that papered the walls of Smolny Institute in Petrograd during the Russian Revolution. Anybody who pokes his nose into this building is greeted as "Comrade."

"What can I do for you, Comrade?" asks the information clerk. "The Executive Secretary? Well, Comrade Browder is ill just now. Comrade Hathaway is taking his place. Show this comrade where she can find Comrade Hathaway."

You are shown into a bare little office made of beaverboard where, behind a pine desk, sits the district organizer for New York and the acting head of the Communist Party of America. Your first misconception explodes. Communists are usually cartooned as sinister-looking men, with dank black hair, who speak in thick, guttural accents. This one is a blond with blue eyes and a very friendly grin. His name is Clarence — Clarence Hathaway, and he comes from Minnesota. He is proud of the fact that his family has been in this country for more than four generations. Nor is he unique. Earl Browder, Secretary of the Party, is an ex-school teacher from Cleveland; William Z. Foster, who ran for President of the United States, was born in New Jersey; and Charles Alexander, Jay Lovestone, James P. Cannon, and Albert Weisbord, all devout Communists, turned out to be obliging Americans who looked somewhat less sinister than Hamilton Fish, Jr.

When the Revolution Comes

The second illusion to go smash is that Communists will make the revolution all by themselves. Americans cannot get over the feeling that the Party is plotting a conspiracy, rather than recommending a revolution. They have a blurry impression that Party members slide around looking for likely places to set bombs; that they spend hours drawing up lists of people to assassinate; that their agents take jobs in factories simply for sabotage.

It is highly doubtful that any real Communist ever did, or will, bomb a useful building; he has other designs on it. He is not interested in assassination, because he cannot think of an assassinee whose death would bring the revolution closer by an hour. (Anarchists are the ones who shoot public men.) Communist agents go into factories to talk.

As a matter of fact, Communists spend most of their time talking and walking. They talk to veterans, urging them to try to get the bonus. They tell the unemployed to demand job insurance. They exhort women to demand the same wages as men; young people to demand the same wages as their elders; Negroes to demand the same wages as white workers.

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Anyone with a grievance may find a congenial friend in the Communist Party — it not only agrees that he has a right to what he asks for but says he ought to ask for more.

The walking they do mostly in hunger marches and parades of one sort or another. On the slightest pretext, Communists gather all the people they can find and march briskly through the streets. They do it to try to give the poor a sense of power; to make them visualize themselves as a huge, united band of men who are going somewhere.

For Communists realize that they do not have to create discontent in the workers. The discontent is there, ready to their hands. What they do do is to try to give the proletariat self-confidence, courage to rise and demand what it wants. When the revolution comes, it will not be made by a horde of radicals who invade Washington and begin sniping at Congressmen and beleaguering the White House. It will be made by all the people who live on the wrong side of railroad tracks, half of whom may not know a Communist from a Commodore; for in the beginning the Communists' rôle may be limited almost entirely to devising slogans to set the mass mood.

The idea seems to be that conditions will "worsen and worsen" (a favorite Communist phrase), and the workers will do nothing but mutter, until finally capitalist society, in its frantic efforts to preserve itself, will lay the last straw on the bent backs of the proletariat. This last straw may be as insignificant in itself as was the tax on tea. But the "toiling masses" (another favorite Communist phrase) will lay down their tools in a general strike — maybe not all the toiling masses, but at least workers in those basic industries which are concentrated between New York and Chicago. Trains will stop running, no coal will be mined, water won't run, lights won't light, telephones won't work, and so on. Then a lot more people will strike in sympathy.

At this point, the Communists, whose slogans have touched off the general strike, will step forward with more slogans and attempt to consolidate the seething crowd into a disciplined mob under their leadership. The Army and Navy will rebel against their officers and join the newly organized Red Guard. The police will be won over or crushed. Thousands of clerks and office workers will swarm after the Communists in those days as they swarmed after beer on April 7. Within forty-eight hours the Communists will be in possession of the telegraph and telephone systems, the railroads, and everything else worth struggling for; the old government will be racing around trying to organize a counter-revolution; and most of us will be back at work doing exactly what we did the week before.

Official Information

Just how this seizure of power is to be effected even the Communists do not know at present. Their safes conceal no detailed blueprints, they have no technicians grappling with the problem. But this lack is the least of their worries. For when the time comes, they are confident that technicians will arise who can easily attend to the necessary minutiae, and they have a basis for this belief. They know they already have sympathizers in strategic places — an engineer in one of the biggest electrical companies, a man in the city water works, a man on a large New York newspaper, for instance, none of them members of the Party but each willing to do his bit.

In case you are worried about it, all white-collar workers, all home owners, all professional people will not be driven onto the streets and massacred to make a Red holiday. The population will remain undecimated for the same reason that the factories will remain unbombed; the Communists want to begin producing on a tremendous scale as soon as possible. All that a non-Communist or a non-laborer will have to do is refrain from aiding the counter-revolutionists and he will live to tell his grandchildren all about it.

Part of the information comes from Comrade Hathaway and the rest from Comrade Charles Alexander. Comrade Alexander is Director of the Agit-Prop Department — Agit-Prop meaning Agitation-Propaganda — and it is his duty to answer questions, while at the same time he gives beaming proof that the Party is in earnest about demanding equality for Negroes. Comrade Alexander is a large, good-looking black man who used to be a compositor in a printing shop near Wall Street. He joined the Party, after taking a course in its Workers' School, in 1927, rose

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with rapidity to his present position, and is as happy in his job as a small boy watering the elephants. Comrade Alexander also contributed such items as the fact that the Party claims 19,000 members; that the Workers' School has as a rule 3,000 students; that by the time the revolutionary situation becomes acute the Party will probably be driven underground; and that Party workers — professional agitators, organizers, Comrade Alexander himself, and so on — have no set salaries but divide the Party income equally each week, after the necessary funds for running expenses have been deducted.

The Lovestoneites

Having interviewed Comrade Hathaway and Comrade Alexander, however, I had just begun. Contrary to popular belief, all Communists do not form a compact group. The Communist Party of America, although it is the official Party — the one that belongs to the Communist International and is in constant communication with Moscow — is by no means the only Communist Party in this country. There is also the Communist Party of the U. S. A. (Opposition), formerly called "Majority Group." It has its own headquarters on the top floor of a rickety, three-story building on West 14th Street, and the three appurtenances without which no Communist Party is complete: its own workers' school, its own newspaper, and its own Secretary. There is never a President. The highest officer is the Secretary.

Jay Lovestone is the Secretary of this organization. He is a Lucifer who was expelled from the official Party in 1929. And his "Opposition" did not get its original parenthetical name "Majority Group" because it had more members than the official Party, but because at the national convention, which took place just before his expulsion, he got the majority of the votes for Secretary of the official Party. He got 106 votes, as a matter of fact, while his closest rival, William Z. Foster, got one. But the Communist International, which had been picking a bone with Comrade Lovestone for some time, did not approve of the results of the election. Two days later it cabled: "The minority shall be made the majority," and shortly after that Lovestone was expelled.

The immediate cause of his difficulties with the Communist International was that about 1927 it predicted the arrival of world-wide depression and sent word to its members in every country, "Stand by for crash," or words to that effect. Lovestone said that might be true enough for Europe but that America was different and would continue on the crest, unperturbed.

In spite of this disastrous lapse, Comrade Lovestone is a man of ability and revolutionary fervor. He was one of the first Communists in the United States, and he had no idea of letting a little thing like expulsion from the official Party interfere with his work. As it happened, many of his stanchest supporters were read out at the same time he was. They immediately organized the new group, elected him Secretary, and carried on.

The "Lovestoneites," as they are called, do not agree that American workers can be led into revolution by the Communists solely on inspiriting slogans. Before the revolution can occur, the majority of the workers must be supporting the Party and its policies quite consciously. Indeed the Lovestoneites believe we shall have Communist representatives in Congress some time before actual revolution.

Therefore, they are dismayed to see the infinitesimal amount of faith the masses now have in their Messiah. The reason for this is, according to the Lovestoneites, that the Party's tactics are so dumb as to be almost suicidal. It is sectarian. Instead of doing all it can to weld the workers, it is forever splitting them.

Traitors and Hypocrites

To understand the specific complaints, it is necessary to realize that Communists hate other labor leaders more relentlessly than they hate capitalists. The epithets they pour on Charles Schwab and President Roosevelt are not nearly so corrosive as the ones they use to try to tarnish the reputations of William Green and Norman Thomas. For the capitalist is the workingman's natural sworn enemy; but the Socialist or A. F. of L. leader is a traitor and a hypocrite — to use a couple of their milder descriptions. Between them, however, the Socialists and the A. F. of L. possess the allegiance of millions of unsuspecting proletarians. So the Communists are always trying

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to disillusion these legions of the betrayed. They try two tacks.

The first method is to agitate among malcontent, A. F. of L. union members, coaxing them to leave their old societies and join Red trade unions. The Lovestoneites consider this foolish. Suppose the alert, progressive workingmen did join Red unions and were saved, they say. That would only leave the more backward completely at the mercy of their betrayers, and the proletariat would be more hopelessly split than ever before. What the Communists should do is to work inside the reactionary trade unions, tirelessly showing up the present leaders from within, until all the members insist that a Communist shall lead them.

The second method is called the "united front." Lovestoneites thoroughly approve of this tactic, but *not* of the way the official Party uses it. The united front means that all workers, no matter what their affiliations, join in demanding some one specific boon. Its advantage to the Communists is supposed to lie in the fact that they will prove to be the only leaders actually willing to fight for what everybody wants. To formulate plans, a united-front conference is always called. And it is the Lovestoneites' idea that at such a conference the Communists should be polite, plausible, and parliamentary. On the contrary, they say, the official Party is very rude and dictatorial; it sends far more than its fair share of delegates, savagely berates all the other leaders present, and ends by antagonizing more workers than it wins.

The Trotskyists

The Lovestoneites, however, are not the only group of Communists outside the pale. There is the Communist League of America (Opposition), too. But it is a different brand of "Opposition." Whereas the Lovestoneites are supposed to be "right" — that is, leaning toward the Socialists — the Communist League is "left." It is affiliated with the International Left Opposition, which is composed of those Communists throughout the world who champion Trotsky in his famous feud with Stalin; wherefore members are called "Trotskyists." The American League is led by another Lucifer, James P. Cannon, who was expelled in 1928, about the same time that Trotsky was exiled from Russia. He has headquarters on East 16th Street in a once-fine old house, the facade of which he has given a coat of brilliant revolutionary paint. There he runs *his* workers' school; there he publishes *his* paper.

Trotskyists feel that the official Party's basic shortcomings are the inadequate theoretical equipment of its members and the lack of inner-Party democracy. To be a proper Communist, one is supposed to know the works of Marx and Lenin as intimately as a priest knows his prayerbook. One should know the complete history of every popular uprising from the American Revolution in 1776 through the Spanish Revolution of 1931, not omitting any Chinese revolutions or the British General Strike. Knowledge of dialectic materialism is essential; one should be able to make a correct Marxian analysis of every current event as it happens. Obviously, Trotskyists cannot consider it necessary for the Party to have an enormous membership. They do not. They think it is too hospitable now. "The Party should be the head," they say, "the working class, the body." The masses must know about Communism and trust the Communists, but membership in the Party should be a privilege conferred only on the most brilliant and seasoned leaders. If this state were reached, the Party could march firmly forward, instead of sashaying from side to side as it does now.

Unfortunately, the chances seem remote to the Trotskyists. For the only way to develop bold scholars among the workers is to give them every opportunity to question and debate; make them run to Marx for quotations to brandish at their foes; make them practice analysis and prophecy; and, when a decision is to be made, let it be made by the majority voting intelligently. Of course the Party believes this in theory but, the Trotskyists insist, does not carry it out. They say bureaucracy has reared its head; that when a decision is to be made it is handed down from the officials; and that no one dares debate from any point of view but Stalin's. Before the Party can hope to lead a successful revolution, every member must be qualified to lead the masses. So say the Cannon-Trotskyists.

Cannon-Trotskyists are specified because there are also Weisbord-Trotskyists. Weisbord-

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Trotskyists do not belong to the Communist League of America (Opposition) but to the Communist League for Struggle (Adhering to the International Left Opposition). Their workers' school, their newspaper, the Secretary, Albert Weisbord, have headquarters in a hall on Second Avenue. The Left Opposition prides itself on the steely quality of its principles, and the Weisbord-Trotskyists feel that their principles are just a bit more finely tempered than those of the Cannon-Trotskyists. Furthermore, they see little point in spending so much time in New York, hurling advice at the official Party. They want to be out more, working with the masses.

But they want to work with a difference. Boring within A. F. of L. unions and joining united fronts are all very well, but the big task for the Communists is organizing the unorganized. Four fifths of the workers in this country belong to no union at all. Get them into the Red unions. The way to win the masses is not to sit around in an office talking about them, or sending them printed instructions when they strike, but to go out and lead them in their struggles, fight in the foreground. Comrade Weisbord can preach this because he has fought for striking silk workers in Paterson and striking cotton workers in Gastonia.

As for the unemployed, the work with them is being badly muffed. Why trot them around on hunger marches to petition mayors and Congressmen? It is futile. Get them well organized and march them to a twenty-thousand-loaf bakery; have them demonstrate before a packing house; take them, in other words, where the food is, if food is what they want, and let them make their demands within sight and smell of victuals. This would prove to everyone, both the unemployed and the government, that the Communists mean business. Such direct action would bring results; results would bring the revolution. American Communists are sheep in wolves' clothing, say the Weisbord-Trotskyists scathingly. And the masses are not going to follow Communists into revolution until they have seen that Communists know how to lead.

Struggling "Comrades"

In addition to the three mentioned, there are two other "Oppositions," making the total of Communist Parties six in all. None of the "Oppositions," however, "recognizes" its expulsion. That is they consider themselves quite as good Communists as they were before, and they all are fighting for readmission to the official Party. But it must be readmission without recantation. The Lovestoneites, who claim to have 800 members, say they agree with the Party in principle and ask only to be allowed inside the fold with their views on tactics unchanged. The 200 Cannon-Trotskyists have their own set of principles, from which they will not part, but want to be let in as a co-operating minority. The Weisbord-Trotskyists, an exceedingly small group which refuses to report on its own strength (rumored to be anywhere from 3 to 11 members), are at present considering amalgamation with the Cannonites. All of them doggedly turn up at every official Party meeting where they feel they have the slightest chance of getting in.

In the past the Trotskyists have had, perhaps, the hardest time. They say brass knuckles and lead pipe have been used upon them. Their paper was on the Index Expurgatorius for Party members. Of course, no place was ever allotted them in parades, but they always appeared anyhow and slipped into line somewhere. As they marched along voices hissed, "Trotskyists!" Fingers pointed. Just lately, they say, their sky has brightened. Not only are they admitted to meetings, but at a recent united front conference, which was virtually controlled by the Party, one of their number was given a place on the resolutions committee. He could hardly believe it was true. But he analyzed his good fortune and decided that it was an indication that the Party, which is always being accused of swinging from "right" to "left" like a pendulum, was temporarily adjacent to the firm line to which the Trotskyists are holding.

If you have been hiding sugar or hand grenades under your bed in anticipation of imminent revolution, may your mind be set at rest. Communists are not the bold crafty creatures that a Rotary speaker makes them out to be. They are very human beings, struggling to attain what seems to them a shining ideal and having about the same success, so far, as the rest of us have with our New Year resolutions.

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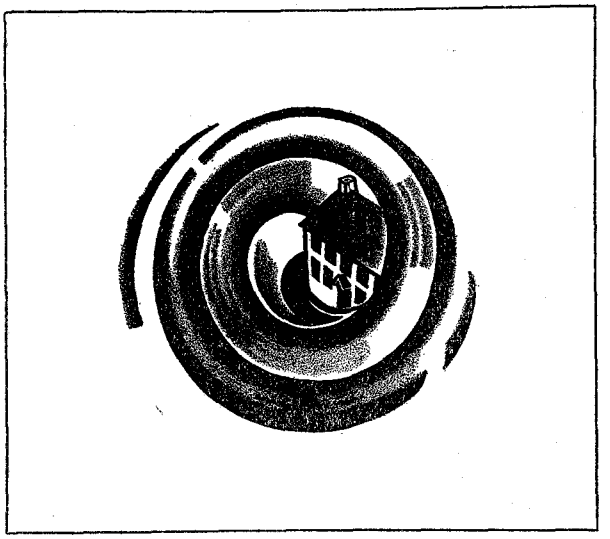
THE LAST DROP OF BLOOD

ANONYMOUS



A LITTLE five-year-old girl who lives next door to us was at the hundred-and-five-degree peak of pneumonia one day last spring when a representative of the gas company came in and shut off the gas. The bill had been overdue a month. Her parents had to bundle the child up in blankets and take her to her grandmother's house, four doors down the street. The action was illegal, and the doctor, furious, urged them to sue. But the family has no means to carry on a suit now, and, of course, nothing will ever be done about it.

That is one of the reasons why I am writing, sleeping, getting back to normal in a vacant, third-floor apartment of a relative's house, three hundred miles from home, where I have taken refuge as a coward's — or perhaps sane person's — way out. What I have fled from are an exceedingly comfortable home, a pair of young and doting parents, friends, and a pretty full life — plus a situation that is being paralleled in the majority of "respectable" American homes at this moment and turning the nation into so many psychiatric cases.

I give you the situation as typical, showing an intimate, brutal side of the depression and its aftermath, wide apart from talk of economics and farm relief.

What have I learned, personally, from this depression?

LIFE WAS A LARK

I AM A COLLEGE graduate by four years. My young brother and I had all the run of camps, private schools, music lessons, riding lessons, dancing lessons, trips, the things that are called "advantages."

We were brought up to be "a little lady and gentleman." Our family has for six generations lived in the same city west of the Alleghenies. Our men built its early churches, its early bridges, helped found the Republican Party and the United Presbyterian Church, fought all the wars — "good citizens." They were scholars, ministers, early farmers, whose ladies never forgot to put on their lace caps and silk dresses at four o'clock every afternoon — "nice people."

Both families reeked with tradition, and coats of arms and grandparents' portraits hung conspicuously on the walls of our home. The ancestors, so proudly held by all good Americans, like the Chinese, as criterions of their distinction, include a not-too-distant earl; a knight sirred by the Queen for sending her a barrel of pirates' heads as a token of his esteem; a little great-grandmother who brought forty pairs of shoes across with her as a bride, and everything else in proportion, when she came to this world's end, where she thought there were no stores. There were doubtless knaves and poachers who have faded out of record as they do in the best regulated American families, and the fact that the earl's daughter came to this country when disinherited for marrying a blacksmith has been delicately overlooked in the maintenance of respectability.

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Mother and Father, married young, started in on the great struggle which every similar couple spends its life waging — to keep up their standard of living. When Dad twice went off to the wars, Mother sketched. It was her panacea for sorrow, as well as a spur to income. While he was helping Teddy Roosevelt with the Spanish War, their baby ate pills, fallen to the floor during an unpacking, and died in Mother's arms in the doctor's office. They waited seven years before they dared have me. In that interval she took up her drawing, which developed into regular syndicate work. It nets about three thousand dollars a year.

So by the black fall of 1929, three of us were earning. Our income was ten thousand dollars a year and running higher. Dad had gone into politics on the glory-to-the-veteran tide of 1919, and then into a bond house in 1923, after the manner of veteran officers that year. After college, I found a magazine job at a thousand a year, with raises arriving satisfactorily.

We were having a lark of it. So was everyone else. All our friends, like ourselves, were spending a good bit more than ten thousand a year, or their corresponding income. We had no savings, outside the usual insurances, and so weren't speculating, except on our future earnings. We had not only held to a certain standard of living, but had constantly heightened it, living up to the handle on every increase of income. I remember when the maid went into uniform, when a laundress, cleaning woman, and gardener were added to the maid-of-all-work on the weekly service payroll. In fact, only in the past year, while we have been completely inundated with debt and utterly unable to go about, we have installed a cup of tea in the afternoon as a fourth meal!

Advertisements grew cleverer, salesmen more super, and we bought — installment buying, of course, on coaxing terms. At my young objection to this as being a little common — it was a case of an automobile — Mother told me it was quite all right, and "you'll find that everyone is doing it." Dad had just taken more interest in the booming bond business, with two friends cheerfully going on two notes of $5,000 each. He went as happily on notes for other friends.

My brother, in the ill-fated class of 1930, with a C.P.A. in the ruddy future, ran away that summer and married another youngster. For a wedding present they were given a small apartment beneath ours. Jack planned to finish at the city university that winter and step into a job one of Father's friends had waiting for him.

Enter, Hard Times

When the world tumbled, a proper portion fell on us. We were tied by lease for another nineteen months to two apartments: our four-room apartment at $185 a month (this year the same apartment was rented for $90), and the children's below us, two rooms in that building "reduced" to $75. A new car which Father, crippled by a war disability, used for business, was half paid for. There were mountainous merchants' bills for furniture and linens for the children, for new rugs, for fall suits. There were interest on notes and quarterly club dues. On the tenth of October, Dad decided they would have to wait a month. On the tenth of November, there was nothing left to pay them with. His flourishing business had gone into the borrowing-from-the-bank stage. A year after, it collapsed, which later kept him from even the relief of bankruptcy.

The story runs rather true to national pattern, doesn't it? Except for the marriage, and for that matter I know a great many student couples who ran away and married that year.

I think we met the situation as courageously as everyone else like us (a great class that had to help itself) must have done. We spent that ghastly year retrenching, meeting those bills slowly with Mother's income and the pittance I contributed. I believe that after lunch money and carfare came out, the contribution helped my own esteem more than the family budget. My brother did not take his last term at college but went into his accountant's job. We dropped the clubs.

In those early days, debtor and creditor talked together as man to man, explained their situations, struck a working basis for payment satisfactory to both. While sending urgent notes according to the formula, our creditors were very patient. The overdue-bill formula, stamped on by a routine clerk, does not vary, regardless of your understanding with the credit manager. First the reminder, "Our accounts are payable within thirty days," then,

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"Your account is overdue," and the sharp request, "Please remit." Finally, notes appended to the bill and eventually sent instead of the bill, "We wish to remind you that the balance on your account . . . ," with a swift decrease in cloaking terms and increase in sharpness. Little daggers that make the first of the month, and now often every two weeks, plain hell for any but the most calloused, dead-beat debtor.

One of those little notes came to me once. It was from my pet druggist in our college town. After commencement, his bill had apparently followed me all over two countries for a year. It finally found me. It said, "Why should we supply you with thirty-five cents' worth of toothpaste and then have to spend double that amount collecting it?" I sent him a large-sized book of stamps with apologies. That was pre-depression.

By bitter 1931, we had taken a house where we could combine forces at a more modest rent. In our notoriously graft-ridden city, rents and real estate were the last things to come down.

With all possible economizing, that didn't lower the precious living standard — still keeping a servant or two and a car. Everyone we knew was able to hold his house together but was saving nothing at all for emergency and was worrying himself ragged over what would happen if he lost his job the next day, or his children got appendicitis.

The emergency hit about one man out of every two. It hit us, and this is what happened.

Bills, Bills, Bills!

On July sixth, Father came home from an eastern trip and went to bed with one of the thirty-three cases of typhus fever that wood ticks brought into the state of Maryland that year. It took six months, six doctors, and seven nurses to give him life and sight after the glaucoma that followed. Mother, who had always done her own nursing, broke after three night-and-day weeks of it.

Jack lost his job in August. In September, my sister-in-law had a baby and was in bed six weeks. Father's room was kept dark; and the house, quiet. The baby had colic, and I remember three straight nights when I sat up rocking him, for I was the only person in the household who could quiet him. Then I would dress at seven-thirty to go down to the office. God's blessing on our one incompetent little maid in the kitchen who stayed all through the confusion and left only because her father called her back to Ireland!

So we started on our second state of debt.

There were doctors' bills, specialists' bills, pharmacy bills. There were the tag ends on the old bills, on which we had had to stop those regular payments, for nurses were a cash proposition. There were grocery bills, milk bills, and a dozen minute bills that became the most nagging of all. First to be met was big bank note interest.

We started in the old way. We used a very young cousin's discarded bassinet, carriage, and crib, touched up with fresh paint and new ribbon, for my roaring nephew. We pinched and economized and split Mother's checks, arriving every Friday, ten ways, paying fractions of bills. But something was terribly wrong.

One day a moving truck backed up to the door, and two men handed me a scrawled list: "One davenport, three chairs, two rugs." They had come for them, they said, from the store where they were bought three years ago. With immense hauteur and shaking knees I telephoned to the store, since Mother was working and Dad was out trying to find someone who might desire a bond, and found that they just wanted another payment. This was the new method of asking for it. The last payment had been made some weeks before. Seventy dollars was left of an original five-hundred-dollar account. I gave the driver two post-dated checks, and he drove on to his next address.

A truck comes twice a month now for our Frigidaire, which is practically paid for. The driver is given his check, which would have been put in the mail shortly as in the past anyway, and he cheerfully drives away. It does save the stamp.

A friend of ours in a Virginia town opened the door one morning to a sprightly young man who announced that he had come to take out the gas meter. A woman who scrupulously pays her bills, and one of spirit, she told him to come in and take it. Whereupon he stammered that her three-dollar-and-ninety-cent bill was four days overdue, and couldn't they just make a settlement? She agreed heartily that they could, but deliberately delayed her check for two weeks.

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We have a dairy bill, reduced so far from one hundred dollars to thirty — with every attempt in the world being made to get it paid. The dairy put its accounts in the hands of a collection agency. From there a girl has telephoned every day, and as many as seven times a day, personally insulting everyone who answers the telephone. When once my gentle mother hung up, this girl called next door, told the neighbors the tale, and asked them to call us to their wire! It was after one of her calls that Father kicked the terrier.

All of which means that we are in a second period of the debtor's depression (it will last a while longer than the official depression now declared to be over), in which hounding and dunning and any attack on a man's pride are the means being used to effect cash payment. Accounts have been given to the battening collection agencies that have sprung up all over the country in the past year and a half. Many other businesses hire their own collectors on a percentage basis. These take no account of good will or regard for future trade.

In fact it is the respected man with some acknowledged income, sensitive of his position and thus susceptible to attack, who is receiving the heaviest bombardment. Intimidation methods used against the old dead-beat who skipped town were permissible. Now that they are being turned on the gentlefolk of the land, who are doing their honest and sleepless best, it takes the form of another Reign of Terror, with the credit lenders in the high seats of tyranny saying, "Off with his self respect!"

The Curse of Indebtedness

The telephone begins at eight and rings all day: "We wish to remind you —." The doorbell buzzes so often with argumentative collectors that peddlers are pals, and when it's a beggar you want to run down and give him another dime. Dinner is bedlam, and we talk of muffling the bells. Telegrams arrive, threatening to "take action" on bills on which we are still making regular and bleeding payments. Home, instead of being a private sanctuary, has become a torture chamber to escape from for fear of being driven mad.

It is mental agony for people of high integrity who formerly met all debts to receive such letters as this: "If your name goes on our list it will ruin your credit in your city. Our list goes to twenty-five thousand merchants in your city. If completed payment is not made on your account by Saturday, we will put your name on this blacklist and your credit will be destroyed."

It is equally distressing to receive a letter, which any dealer may purchase by the dozen from an alderman, with his imposing letterhead and signature from his office, threatening suit. A recipient will beg, borrow, or steal to make payment. If it does come to a hearing, he discovers that his expression of willingness to pay in whatever way he can is sufficient, plus the costs. But in the meantime there has been a month of torment; for this, many a man has jumped off a bridge.

When this happened to us, after robbing Peter to pay Paul on every side, Dad desperately reached for cash from a credit company, the so-called "loan sharks," the only recourse for the man without investments. There should be some legislation to prevent the usury that gave him three hundred dollars, at three and a half per cent interest a month, or almost forty per cent interest a year! Four hundred dollars have been paid on that in two years, and they are phoning as often as four times a day for the seventy-five-dollar residue interest. The furniture, insured at ten times that amount, was security.

I heard recently of a man, so harassed by pressing creditors, and his wife's nerves so shattered, that he took her to the hospital, one place where his credit was still good, to remain until his payday.

Trying to scrape up some cash in a hurry, I took a pin that had been my grandmother's, worth some two hundred dollars, to a pawn shop. It was my first experience. These two years have been full of experience. I could face a king in curl papers without a tremor. But the pawnbroker offered me only five dollars. He told me, then, of a formerly wealthy man who had just been in, who had reached down and taken off the gold-clasped garters he was wearing — anything to get cash for his bills.

It is illegal to use the courts for threatening, but the collectors are careful. "Take action" may mean sitting on your doorsill. We have also noticed that the dunning becomes frenzied as time payments, particularly on articles that do

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not wear out, near completion. Threat to take back the object passes definitely from intimidation to intent.

Since the collectors' big drive began about the time of the Democratic campaign and success last November, and reached a peak of fury in a demand for cash while inflation was being argued on the floors of Congress, I have supposed they foresaw being paid by a cheaper dollar. There have been spurts of action, also, every time the debt moratorium rumor has cropped up.

But this voracious growling of the small collector on our doorsteps is not fair to the other, more humane, creditors. There are the old conservative merchants who have seen their customers through other hard times and are carrying them through these. There are the patient doctors. They have to wait while we feed cash to the insistent agents. And they will have to wait a year or two longer until the business pick-up has paid the others — first.

The net result is a state of nervous hysteria within our families and a scarred morale that will have its permanent effect. In place of the fine men and women who have formed the backbone of the land we have a group of bowed, humiliated individuals who have been treated as criminals and will always bear in their own minds, at least, the stigma of "debtor," in the sense that once meant prison. Indeed, I think most would prefer prison, and relief, if no one knew about it.

I believe it is the women who feel this end the most. It is their precincts which are being invaded. The morale of the household is completely destroyed. Anyone like my mother doing creative work at home for income finds it almost out of the question. The children are a problem. I heard one child of a well-living family once cry piteously that they were not going to have anything to eat.

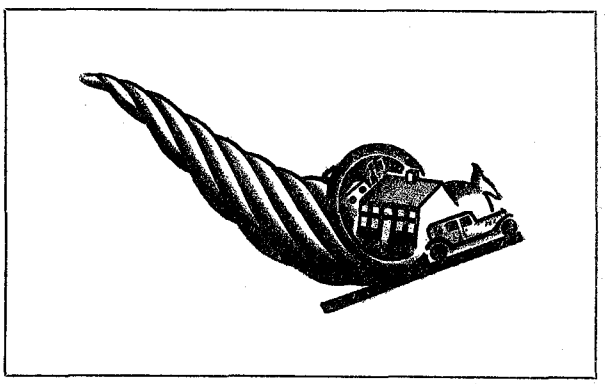
At home, the family psychological situation finally had to be handled as well as the debts. Mother, cracking with nerve strain, went to bed at last with a long illness. All of us were so on edge that we jumped when the canary sang, thought three times before saying anything that might be the wrong word for the moment, suppressed all noise, and forced agonizing cheerfulness and bright small talk to fill the gaps between bells. The family serves no liquor, but Jack came home staggeringly fortified more than once. We consumed bottles of bromides.

When Jack at long last got a job selling shirts, they escaped the tension by moving with the baby to a bungalow. And by starting clean, in spite of his small earnings, they have made a go of it.

With hours doubled and salary slashed, I left my job to try to take over the housework, and to protect mother from collectors. Her father killed himself in another depression, trampled by just such debts. But it got me, too, and now when things are said to be picking up, I have run away — for the time being.

The Lessons of Depression

I am, I suppose, one of the buying housewives of the future. And what I have learned from the depression is this: I am not going to buy without cash in hand. I am not going to



lease houses for a long period, or buy a car, or a radio, or household equipment on the easy-payment promises of suave-tongued salesmen. I am not going to live on my prospects for the following year, and I am definitely going to lower my standard of living — sacred trust and tragic liability of my forefathers — to meet a dropped income. Already I see a hollyhocked cottage without conveniences, particularly telephones, as a major paradise. I will wash my own dishes, instead of charging the groceries against the radiator my husband may sell the next month. And I shall save.

Recovery is on the way, and they will be urging patriotic citizens to buy again — to buy on prospects as we did during the boom. Prospects are synonymous with credit, and credit is synonymous with business. But the cruelty of the collectors' methods has killed my patriotism. I will not be a victim.

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AN INTERNATIONAL CURRENCY UNIT

BY FRED I. KENT

THE EDITOR of THE FORUM has asked me to comment upon the suggestion, which has frequently been made during recent years, that we create an international currency unit, say an international dollar. Many seem to believe that the establishment of an international dollar is all that would be necessary to bring order out of the existing international financial chaos. It is said that with such a dollar merchants would know exactly where they stand when dealing with other countries. The idea is so absurd that it ought not to be necessary to have to refute it, and yet it is really important that its fallacy be explained.

From the end of the World War through 1929, many countries were importing more than they could pay for as they went along. Some of these countries, and many others, were borrowing abroad more than they could afford to carry out public works. When a country, including its government and its people, must pay abroad each year more than it receives from abroad, it is on the way toward a time of retrenchment or repudiation. Regardless of whether commodity prices had remained, after 1929, at the level of the borrowing period, a continuation of such unwise financial operations, on the part of nations and their peoples, would have led, sooner or later, to the same financial maelstrom that now exists. The gold standard had nothing to do with it, and no other standard that might have prevailed could have prevented such an outcome if attended by unbalanced trade against loans that were constantly increasing in amount. When the countries reached the point where they could not continue such impossible procedure, the commodity price level had to break. As it happened, the smash came in November, 1929.

If, following the war, all the nations of Europe had had for their national currency a so-called dollar which was of equal value in every country, and all of the unbalanced trade, foreign loans, and other financial activities in the world had been carried on exactly as they have been since the war, there would have been absolutely no difference in the financial relations of the countries to each other and no lessening of the unfortunate international financial strains which exist to-day. The countries obliged to ship their gold in order to meet foreign indebtedness would have had to give up to the same extent whatever backing they had to their dollar.

Relationships between the monies of the different countries would have been quoted in discounts and premiums on the dollar, which would be mathematically the same as the discounts and premiums between the various kinds of money that prevail at present. If, for instance, someone in the United States wished to buy something in France that cost one dollar, he would have to pay one dollar and thirty cents to obtain his French dollar, because it would carry a premium of 30 per cent, exactly as it does now. So it would be throughout the world. Monies would be quoted in all kinds of fractions, some at discounts and some at premiums, and they would fluctuate in the same percentages as they fluctuate to-day, the only difference being in the method of expression.

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Now if we went one step farther and had an international money, with no separate American, French, or British dollar, but an actual piece of paper called the dollar, with the same wording and printing in use in every country, the cost to the American in France would still be the same, although the method by which he met the cost would be different. The reason for this is that no such universal money could be expected to be created except as each country put up equivalent backing to the currency required for the use of its people which it received from an issuing source, say the Bank for International Settlements. For purposes of consideration it is just as well to use the international gold standard as a measure. In France, in order to obtain the money which its people needed, the French Government would deposit gold with the Bank for International Settlements, or gold in Paris for the account of that bank, to the amount of currency which it received. Similarly, every country in the world would do so. We will assume that each country had sufficient gold at the start to enable it to receive the currency required by its natural business. Then the world would begin to trade with this new currency, which would be taken in any country for one dollar. This would seem an easy way to clear up all the international financial troubles.

But suppose the nations carried on between each other as they have been doing for the past two decades—what would happen? Instead of the so-called maldistribution of gold among the nations, that is supposed to exist at the present time, there would be a maldistribution of the international currency, and to exactly the same extent. Nations which are now in debt and cannot pay their debt charges, nor pay for desired imports, would not have enough of the international currency to pay their foreign obligations in the same proportion that exists to-day. Too much of the international currency would accumulate in some countries and too little would remain in others to meet their needs. The price of commodities would then move in contrary ways in different countries to meet this development. American tourists would find that prices in France in the international money would be one dollar and thirty cents for what could be obtained in America for one dollar.

Fluctuating foreign exchanges would still continue, and the international currency would have to be shipped back and forth between countries. Taken by and large, with all countries throughout the world operating upon a sound basis of international exchange of goods and services, there would unquestionably be less necessity for the shipment of currency, because offsets that are not now available would undoubtedly develop.

Even under such conditions, the monies of the various countries would be quoted in discounts and premiums to such points above and below par as covered the cost of shipment of the international currency, or, when certain countries did not have sufficient international currency to meet their foreign obligations, at such percentages as measured their international position, regardless of the gold value. Books of account of those engaged in international business would still have to take into consideration the discounts and premiums paid for debits and credits in foreign countries, although they would be handled on the basis of fractional percentages, instead of in different units of monies.

While an international currency might save something in the carrying charges of money, and while it is possible that methods of figuring in percentages might simplify the mere mathematics of international operations, importers and exporters would have to measure their operations from the standpoint of safety and profit and ability to pay, just as they do to-day. If an exporter in the United States sold goods to an importer in some country that had no surplus of international dollars which could be sent to the American exporter in payment, he would be no better off because the country used an international dollar than if it had its own monetary unit.

No international monetary standard that can be devised will enable the countries to live beyond their means without paying for it, any more than it is possible for a family in the United States to live beyond its means without getting into trouble. Men cannot create any form of international relationship between countries, individually or in groups, that will make it possible for them to carry on unwise financial transactions between each other without penalty.

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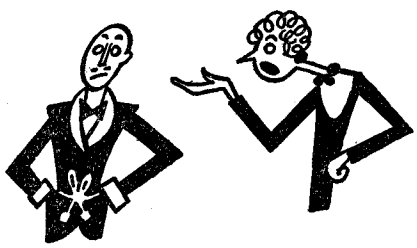
RADIO REVIEWS

Scalawag Stations and Fall Whirligig

BY CYRUS FISHER

THERE ARE five hundred and fifty-eight broadcasting stations blasting forth in this our country. A good half of them are operated by conscienceless blatherskites who consider their duty to the public completed if a warped, two-year-old record is infrequently sandwiched between the talks of any plausible scoundrel or deadly bore who has the money to buy radio time. Only two hundred and fifty stations — eighty-five with NBC, about ninety with CBS, thirty-five distributed among regional chains, and the rest without chain affiliations, but with the same ethical standards — are responsible for all national programs, for all interesting regionals, for holding down advertising time, for refusing to sell time to the more obvious frauds, in short, for whatever there is of value over the air. At the moment of writing, there is no NRA radio broadcasting code. I should like to suggest that for the first time in the history of radio broadcasting here is a God-given opportunity for these reputable stations and systems to band together and, through the NRA, rid themselves and the public of much that is so intolerable over the air from the cutthroat, scalawag stations.



JUST TRY TO RELAX

Just Relax, with Will Cuppy and Jeanne Owen. Joseph Kahn at the piano. Announcer varies. Whitney, production. Cuppy, continuity. Sustaining program — no advertising. NBC. WEAF national. (If any of the programs should grapple your fancy, please look in your local paper for the hours because of the change from Daylight to Standard time.) Every Friday.

Miss Owen demands: "Tell me the worst." Mr. Cuppy replies with delicate and unbecoming modesty: "Well, I eat crackers in bed." Miss Owen is politely shocked: "And *what* do you do with the crumbs?" Mr. Cuppy says he doesn't do anything with the crumbs, just sleeps with them, and then not surprisingly the thought of crumbs spurs him into a discussion of the Heidelberg man. Or perhaps it was the Heidelberg man that reminded him of crumbs. Of course, what will happen is that a majority of Mr. Cuppy's listeners will tune off after realizing that he and Miss Owen are deliberately avoiding the facts of life, confounding honest radio fans with fifteen minutes of shameful nonsense. But some of us will refuse to believe we are being cozened; it will not disturb us to learn that Mr. Cuppy's investigations into the effects of spinach on the love life of Norwegians are grossly fraudulent. And if you are one of those in that minority, you will look forward every Friday to Miss Owen's blithe wool-gatherings and Mr. Cuppy's quiet, but florescent, meanderings among the gigantic daffodils.

MUSIC BOXES

Ted Husing and Leon Belasco, featuring Ted Husing's sport talks, Barbara Maurel, the Humming Birds, and Leon Belasco's orchestra. Bethel, director. No regular announcer. Rogers, continuity. Sponsored by General Motors Company (Oldsmobile division). 1 minute, 25 seconds of advertising time. CBS. Quarter-hour national. Every Tuesday and Thursday.

Miss Barbara Maurel has a pink-and-white contralto voice, half way between music-hall sprightliness and drawing-room sedateness, and she manages her two or three songs with agreeable casualness. Mr. Leon Belasco's arrangements have always seemed slightly ornate. However, they move smartly enough to cover his particular five or six minutes without undue strain. Mr. Husing is plopped into the center of the quarter hour for a three-

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minute mixture of synthetic narration and dramatic interpolations — Off-mike voice, "My dear, I'm just too excited!"; Mr. Husing, "Here they come down the stretch!"; Off-mike voice, "It's too exciting for words!" —

supposed to recreate a sporting event of the recent past. Miss Maurel is sweet, and Mr. Husing won't annoy you if you remember to turn your radio off for three minutes as soon as he begins to talk.

Frigidaire Program, with Howard Marsh, tenor (Wednesdays); Jane Froman, soprano (Fridays); the Snow Queens, quartet; and Jacques Renard's orchestra. Louis Dean, announcer. Bethel, director. Long, production. Escher, engineer. Sponsored by Frigidaire Corporation. 3 minutes' advertising time. CBS. Quarter-hour national. Every Wednesday and Friday.

Mr. Howard Marsh rolls his r's and gloats over his vowel sounds with all the glossy assurance of a musical-comedy hero waiting for lovely Melissa to spring into his arms after the *cantata finale*. Miss Jane Froman minds the temperamental microphone when she starts to boost the high notes, leaves the spring board in splendid form, and tucks away her Friday trick much more neatly than she's ever done on any of her other programs. The Frigidaire quarter hour is supposed to end a few weeks before you encounter this testimony, but Mr. Jacques Renard shoots so much sparkle through his tunes, the Snow Queens do all that the Boswell Sisters never did, and Jane has such a grand time that perhaps we can persuade the sponsor to continue the Friday sociables.

Pontiac Program, featuring baritone Don Ross. Sponsored by the makers of Pontiac. 2 minutes', 40 seconds' advertising. CBS. Quarter-hour national. Every Tuesday and Thursday.

There are thirty seconds of too much advertising — according to the average advertising time of all fifteen-minute, national, sponsored programs — and twelve minutes and ten seconds of too much of Mr. Don Ross, a bouncingly romantic baritone who groans touchingly whenever he has occasion to descend into the cellar for his low notes. He has five songs, a coy announcer, and a piano accompanist.

Kraft-Phenix Program, with Paul Whiteman's orchestra, Al Jolson, and Deems Taylor. (See September FORUM for cast and program data.) NBC. WEAF hour national. Every Thursday.

Three weeks before the September reviews could oblige them with the information, the sponsors made the discovery that Mr. Paul Whiteman's Gigantosaurus was quite dead. The result was a quick revamping of the entire program, calling upon Mr. Al Jolson for some more of the "world's greatest entertainer's" hammy songs, and placing the sixty-minute confection over a national network. Mr. Jolson is given a total of twenty-one minutes to bleed tears all over the place; the remaining portion of the program has improved tremendously. Jack Fulton, the Rhythm Boys, Ramona, and the rest of Papa Whiteman's protégés cut loose from the apron strings and take their turns in front of the microphone as if Don Bestor's orchestra were spinning cartwheels behind them. Even the Dean of the Syncopators — after he releases a poisonous five-minute bolero from his system — forgets the tremendous responsibility of such a title, winds up his orchestra, and proceeds to spank soundly all the bright laddies who thought Denver Paul had grown sedate.

Best Foods Program, featuring Fred Allen and Ferde Grofé's orchestra, with Portland Hoffa (Mrs. Allen), Baritone Phil Duey, and Roy Atwell. Ruffner, announcer. Allen, continuity. Sponsored by Best Foods Corporation. Approximately 4 minutes', 40 seconds' advertising time (commercials difficult to time exactly as there are repeated references to the product dragged in screaming by the heels and inserted as tag lines to Mr. Allen's collapsible jokes). NBC. WEAF half-hour national. Every Friday.

There are six brilliant interludes — eight minutes in all — of Mr. Ferde Grofé's orchestra which you will do well not to miss. I know of no other group which so expertly combines the richness of symphonic composition with the teasy variety of smart dance rhythm. And, in addition to Mr. Grofé's classic old cognac in new bottles, there are five splattered minutes of Doc Atwell — he was a free corn-curer when I last heard him — and his leaping tongue. Even the simplest of sentences causes profound emotional shocks to the Atwellian speaking apparatus. His tongue twists in horrible disorder, words pitch off into comic upheaval,

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syllables that never met before in their lives find themselves rushed into ruthless wedlock, and his anguished scrambles through a fine delirium provide all the necessary comic relief for the Best Foods program. Mr. Phil Duey offers us two and one half minutes of pleasant baritone work. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Allen also appear with their uneasily dry witticisms.

Syncopated Sermons, featuring Willard Robison. David Ross, announcer. Sustaining program — no advertising. CBS. Quarter-hour national. Every Sunday.

Ordinarily I cannot work up a great deal of emotion over a program when the announcer customarily offers such lush introductions to each number as: "A hillside fantasy revealing a hill of daisies bending in the wind is portrayed by the next selection." Columbia's featured poetaster, Mr. Ross, has no need to play the sweet cantabank to Mr. Robison's infinitely easy songs. The majority of the five songs are negro spirituals, sung in a restrained, sympathetic tempo, and very pleasant, too, for the Sunday evening after some of the blare and noise of the bigger programs. Despite Mr. Ross' purple emotionalism, I suggest that you sample Mr. Robison and his not-too-noticeably syncopated sermons. Chances are you'll like them immensely.

Radio Drama in Progress

Theater of To-day, featuring Stephen Fox, Ray Collins, and cast. Ferrin Fraser, continuity. Marion Parsonnet, director. Sustaining program — no advertising. CBS. Half-hour national. Every Monday.

No stage play for the past several hundred years has required a full-throated gentleman to step out between acts and carefully explain that the next act transplants Dick Merryweather and his fiancée to the glum castle of old Lord Wennlwaugh and that the creepy sound you now hear is caused by dastardly Ralph Foxtree climbing up the stairs with a dagger in his hand and thoroughly immoral desires in his wicked heart. No, all of that is nonsense, and you wouldn't stand for it in the theater, yet night after night our continuity writers must supply us with these audible signposts. Ferrin Fraser and Marion Parsonnet are two of the most original geniuses now merchandising their talent in radio; their "Theater of Today" eliminates all verbal stage setting. Their action wings from scene to scene without the rumble and creak of explanations. They are giving you the first true radio dramas, and, surprisingly enough, Stephen Fox and Ray Collins show themselves as superb actors in this series of experimental playlets.

Drake's Drums, with unannounced cast. James and Marjorie Jacobson, continuity. Dana Merriman, music arrangements. MacFayden, production. Sustaining program — no advertising. NBC. WEAF half-hour national. Every Monday and Saturday.

A young page goes adventuring with Sir Francis Drake against the Spaniards, and, although neither the young page, his sailor comrades, nor Sir Francis are great shakes, speaking before a microphone, the story is sufficiently lively. The sound-man manages to create the vivid impression of sea and ship, and the seven or so brief interludes of old sea chanteys and English ballads are rousingly good. Your boy will like it.

Signing Off

Other state universities should be interested in the commendable radio plan developed by the University of Kentucky. Listening centers are being rapidly established in the remote mountain regions to tune in what appears to be a series of very satisfactory programs developed by the University and station WHAS. I wonder if popular talks on modern evolution wouldn't amuse the mountaineers when they're not listening to "Chopped Hay is Cheaper and Safer" and "Animal Life in Kentucky"? ¶Seth Parker finally leaves us; the "Stebbins Boys" have gone where all radio rube acts eventually go; and now "Lum and Abner" (NBC. WEAF, every evening except Saturdays and Sundays) bring to the air their homely dialogues — nobody knows how many times I've read "homely dialogues" in the publicity releases for these professional farm hands. ¶This month's best "Don't" is still Cap'n Dobbsie. ¶This month's "Best": Will Cuppy's "Just Relax."

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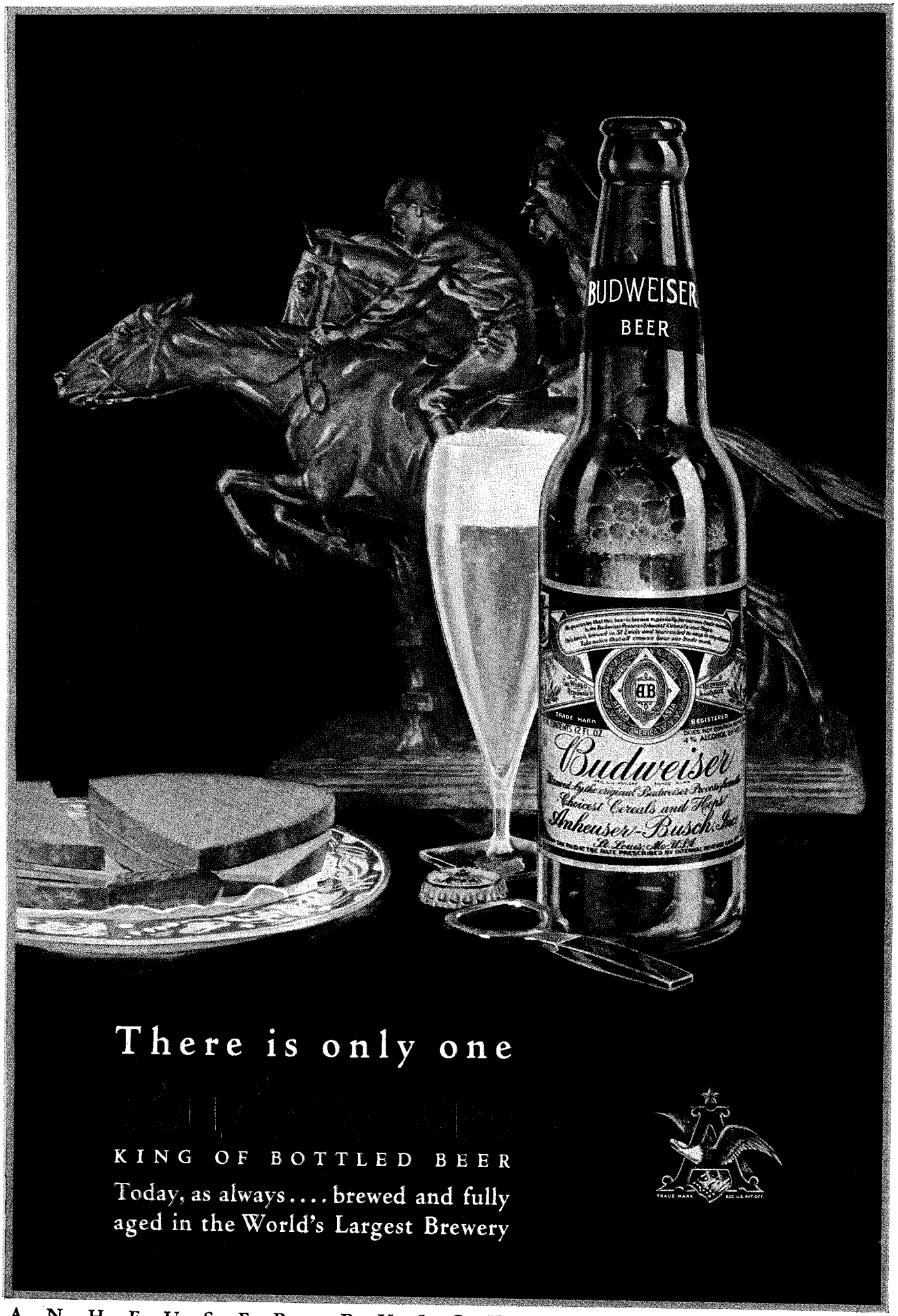

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Experienced world travelers choose President Liners quite as much for the people they meet on board as for the fine accommodations and the celebrated food. Good companions *make* a voyage, and these you will always find—people who make the easy informality that is a great tradition of these ships.

Ask your nearest travel agent to show you pictures of the President Liners' roomy decks and charming public rooms. Look especially at the large, airy staterooms that are all outside—high midship, with real beds and all conveniences. And look over a menu or two, chosen at random. Throughout the world it is a real honor to be invited aboard a President Liner for luncheon or for dinner!

Your travel agent or any of our agents (New York, Chicago, Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles and other principal cities) will gladly tell you all about our services: Between New York and California via Havana and the Panama Canal, to the Orient via Hawaii and the Sunshine Route or via the Short Route from Seattle, and Round the World. Go as you please, stopover as you choose.

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

BASED ON TRUTH

To the Editor:

I read your editorial ("A Challenge to the Colleges") for the September FORUM with much interest. Certainly the burden of your song is based on truth, and I feel that your tribute to Groton is a sound one. I can't help but feel that you don't go far enough. I think that the rôle of the preparatory school has by no means been sufficiently emphasized; but the primary school where the young boys and girls get their first introduction to studying is equally important from the standpoint of developing the point of view at the beginning of scholastic life. Also, the rôle of the parents, in my opinion, far transcends that of college presidents and professors, headmasters, and other teachers.

The whole trend during the past quarter of a century, if not for a longer period of time, is a result of the general moronic level of the general population. The recent overemphasis on collegiate and other athletics I believe is not to be laid at the door of most of the colleges, although some, of course, have capitalized on this to the last simoleon, but has been the product of our time and the people in general. What parts of the daily paper are read first, second, and third? Certainly the financial and sporting sheets are easily in this trio, and I am afraid that on Sundays the "funnies" slide in.

In view of the fact that our schools and colleges are turning out some real citizens, regardless of whether their sphere is private or public life and whether they are news or not, it is obvious that in our colleges the individual with the proper point of view can gather untold riches. The fact that more don't reap as good a harvest is because they don't care enough about it. However, the greater the effort all along the line by the educators, the greater will be the result; if not to-day, then to-morrow, or the day after that. . . .

WILLIAM BARCLAY PARSONS, JR.

New York, N. Y.

COLLEGIATE SPECIALIZATION

To the Editor:

. . . Of course, I quite agree with your point of view. It was toward making the average man's course take a definite direction, at least in the last two years, that we all worked so hard for the four-course plan at Princeton. It seems to me that the older and better-equipped universities must find it increasingly necessary to require entering students to know just why they are entering and taking the place of some other student, in the limited enrollment, who might better deserve it.

I used to be puzzled by the fact that the bankers of Scotland preferred classics students from the English universities rather than economists. That bewilderment has left me during the recent upheavals in the banking world, and in the credit structures of all countries. The old-fashioned, "well-rounded man" is certainly at a disadvantage nowadays with his specially equipped competitors.

JOHN S. MARTIN

New York, N. Y.

THE FUNCTION OF THE COLLEGE

To the Editor:

"A Challenge to the Colleges" (September FORUM) refers to the liberal arts colleges. The purpose of the professional schools is obviously to prepare young people for the practice of the professions.

Much that is actually or apparently aimless is said and written about the function of the college. However, those who are doing the best job are pretty well agreed on the following:

1. The training of the faculties; of intellect, imagination, will. . . .

2. Teaching how to work. A young man or woman might be employed and do a lot of work, but at his or her age, the tasks would not be so complex as the tasks imposed at college.

3. Reviewing some of the world's work and world's history so that the individual may know his own place in the scheme of things and the relative importance of efforts and movements. This is vague. In a college course, a good one, it is made concrete.

4. Teaching the enjoyment of literature, art, music, travel; the enjoyment of leisure.

Of course, this is not always carried out, perhaps not always fully realized. But who knows that the failure of the colleges has been more serious than the average of human failures in other fields, in government and applied economics, for instance?

Your physician friend seems to expect the colleges to impart to the student a purpose in life. That is too much. A college can sharpen the tools of one who comes to college with a purpose already defined. The student who has no purpose in life is always a tough subject, although he sometimes gets an inspiration and finds the way out. . . .

C. J. FREUND

Detroit, Mich.

SINANTHROPUS

To the Editor:

After reading Doctor Andersson's paper ("Civilization Is Older than Man," Sep-

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We couldn't remember what we came to forget

FORT DE RUSSY'S gun salutes the sunset. Five o'clock on Oahu. The sun drops down for its dip in the southern sea. A moon rises behind Diamond Head.

Five o'clock now... dinner at eight. Time for one more flight down white wavecrests. Then a shower, tingling against sun-warmed skin. Dressing leisurely with the sounds of tinkling glasses and laughter coming from a nearby lanai.

Outside the window, dusk. Waikiki's lights twinkling to the early stars, and away on the coral reef the puff of white surf, the mystic flare of torches where natives fish with spears. Here surely is the place where you can forget! Forget... forget what? We can't remember... It doesn't matter.

But Remember This

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OUR ROSTRUM

tember FORUM) with some care, it seems to me that, as he rightly implies, the question whether civilization is older than man or not depends largely upon how we define both civilization and man. By ordinary definitions the word "civilization" is associated with cities, citizens, and civic rights, and I think it would be straining the word to apply it to the primitive culture of Sinanthropus . . . so far as archaeological evidence goes, civilization in the ordinary sense became possible only at a relatively late period. . . .

As to the word "man," it has long been commonly used by anthropologists in an inclusive sense to embrace all members of the human family. . . . That there were other species and even genera of man besides Homo sapiens is not surprising in view of what is known of all other families of mammals. . . .

I believe very few anthropologists and palaeontologists will follow Doctor Andersson in denying the status of humanity (in the ordinary sense) to Sinanthropus. . . .

Nevertheless I thoroughly agree with Doctor Andersson when he says that "Sinanthropus marks one of the stages on the long path of evolution from a form common to the anthropoid apes and the hominoids and leading up to the genus Homo." Because Sinanthropus, to a distinctly greater extent than Homo, bore many detailed evidences, in his skull and teeth, of descent from remote anthropoid ancestors.

WILLIAM K. GREGORY
New York, N. Y.

MAN OR APE?

To the Editor:

. . . Andersson's statements of facts are not to be questioned, and his thesis and its defense are as good as the next man's. I do, however, take issue with him when he submits that Sinanthropus was not a human being. There cannot, of course, be a sharply defined line between humans and pre-humans. The process of development must have been gradual and the changes in physical form and in the acquiring of human traits almost imperceptible from generation to generation, but in my own opinion Sinanthropus had passed over this dividing line onto the human side. His ability to fashion flint implements and his use of fire indicate, I think, a mental development which we do not attribute to beasts. Doctor Gregory, in his exhibition here at the American Museum, is using the term "Ape Man" for the earliest known hominids, but I think that he would consider them as human beings, even so. After all it is only a matter of terminology, which is of little importance as compared with a presentation of facts. . . .

WALTER GRANGER
New York, N. Y.

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OUR ROSTRUM

Busy Ministers

To the Editor:

Charles J. Dutton's article ("A Minister's Day") in the September Forum is typical of one sort of ministry. I pity the man, rather than blame or applaud. Why should any American community need all these things done to it, or for it? No living animal in its natural habitat needs this sort of service; why should the human species, merely because it has achieved self-consciousness? Indeed, is it not better off without them?

The Church and the ministry thereof mean to me something vastly more than being driven about by every whim or notion which may take hold of the local public. If I were in this minister's place, I should decline to have my name or number in the telephone book — I should steel myself against caring or remembering what any insurance man might say about my sermon last Sunday. The only thing I should reflect upon is: Was it straight, sincere . . . serviceable?

Should not a community which is simply a multitude of self-conscious beings be taught to be physically, morally, and spiritually self-sustaining, from each separate unit up to the whole? When I, as one unit, have something to say, or skill in one act, which is really helpful, provision should be ample for that word or deed. Such is civilization.

Ministers I have known have chosen their own lines of avocation in addition to moral and spiritual leadership. Two were astronomers of note; one devoted to literature and the humanities; one serves a country church and is a master in the field of modern languages; yet another has been Moderator of the Town Meeting for years; but all are spiritual and moral helpers and friends of the people in their real needs.

And now I come around to agree with Mr. Dutton. I think he is just right in being active, with every moment taken, but I think he overdoes the thing, if all his days are like the one he records. Why should so many real needs exist if we are properly self-sustaining and running under our own power as conscious souls? The benefits of the clergy should not, I think, be pressed so far and hard as to crowd out meditation, reflection, and going fishing.

I once heard of a Yorkshire man, a product of the West Riding, who, on his deathbed, called his friends and neighbors together and, after bidding them affectionate good-bye, said: "I wish you to see how a man of God dies," and with that he laid down his head and departed immediately. Should not greater numbers of us take responsibility for ourselves in life and death? . . .

X. Y. Z.

Littleton, Mass.

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THE blue Mediterranean washes Monte Carlo . . . and Monte Carlo is only a short motor-ride from Nice, along the *Grande Corniche* drive. . . . Menton is just beyond; Antibes and Cannes, St. Raphael and St. Tropez lie to the southwest. . . . That's the Riviera in a nutshell! A frontier of gay *cabañas*, stripéd parasols, hyacinths and pomegranates . . . the perfect retreat from winter weathers and worries.

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OUR ROSTRUM

Understandable Religion

To the Editor:

I liked Mary Pickford's article, "What Religion Means to Me" (August Forum). It is clear as crystal and sets the matter in its proper perspective. Compared with the obtuse reasoning of theologians who are jealous of guarding a certain body of religious belief, she has stated in simple terms what religion can be to anyone in any age. She has indeed done what she set out to do — taken religion out of "intricate definitions and gestures into something as simple and useful as breathing." At least she has done something in this article which preachers ought to learn — she has made religion understandable to the rank and file of common men and women upon whom, after all, the world depends for new impulses and a new heart.

Frederick K. Stamm

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Overture to the Gallery

To the Editor:

Has the character, as well as the cover, of Forum changed?

It would seem that an article on religion by Mary Pickford — indeed an article on any subject by Mary Pickford in The Forum — is a patent overture to the gallery, and may justly be regarded with grave apprehension and dismay.

There are many readers of The Forum, I am sure, who would gladly pay twice its subscription price to keep its exclusiveness intact. Are we to witness the debacle of its descent from "Living Philosophies" to pictures of movie stars?

Olive Norsworthy

Hardeeville, S. C.

Religion and Nationalism

To the Editor:

In the August Editorial Foreword you assert with reference to the New Deal that "for the first time, perhaps, since the Middle Ages, religion is to be tried out on a national scale," the whole program of the National Recovery Act being, "in fact, an application of the commandment 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.'" I am impelled to ask the old question, "Who is my neighbor?"

The "religion" which you find in the NRA is nationalism, not Christianity, not Judaism, not Buddhism. An Englishman has lately published "Nationalism, Man's Other Religion," a discussion of the widespread tendency, greatly increased by the World War, to exalt the nation as the object of supreme devotion. In war this "other religion" quite smothers the religion of the Jewish prophets, of Buddha, of Christ, which recognized the universal brotherhood of man, saw in every human being a "neighbor" to love as one's self. Governments when at war teach their

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OUR ROSTRUM

peoples to hate "enemy" peoples, and gods — I will not give the word a capital — are invoked who are narrow-minded tribal deities, not the universal Father whom Jesus proclaimed.

To be sure, as you remind your readers, President Roosevelt went "from a house of worship to his inaugural." But his record to date demonstrates that his religion is nationalism, the religion — it does not deserve the name — that through the entire historic period has been a curse to the race. He has plainly shown his intention to seek the welfare of our country solely, leaving other countries to do the best they can for themselves. That way lie failure and disaster. For Christ's law of love is binding on nations in their dealing with one another. It is not limited to the relations of individuals or of groups within a nation. . . .

The President has many attractive qualities. Doubtless it may be said of him that he is doing his best. As much could be said with equal truth of the unlamented Hoover. Ignorance and shallowness on the part of rulers may partially excuse them as individuals, but the consequences of their bad policies will remain inescapable. Mark my words, Mr. Editor, President Roosevelt's New Deal is seriously and dangerously at fault in its absorption in domestic affairs. At best it will be only a poor measure of prosperity that can come to our country unless prosperity visits other countries as well.

HENRY W. PINKHAM
Newton Centre, Mass.

SHIBBOLETHS DISENTANGLED

To the Editor:

Your editorial, "Religion and Recovery," in the August FORUM, disentangles from old shibboleths and obsolescent formalities a conception of religion which we in America need and a surprising number of people accept when they are lucky enough to find it singly or in a group. Here at the University of Wisconsin students are sometimes characterized as "unreligious." Many of them are in revolt against what has been given them as religion. Like so many who write and speak of religion as outmoded, their words establish the fact that they do not even know what religion as understood and interpreted by the founders of more than one of the great faiths really is. I am glad you took this way of suggesting the truth to your readers.

C. V. HIBBARD
Madison, Wis.

EXCEPTIONAL ISSUE

To the Editor:

May I offer my sincere appreciation for your exceptional August issue of THE FORUM? Quite naturally I enjoyed the fine Editorial Foreword and Mary Pick-

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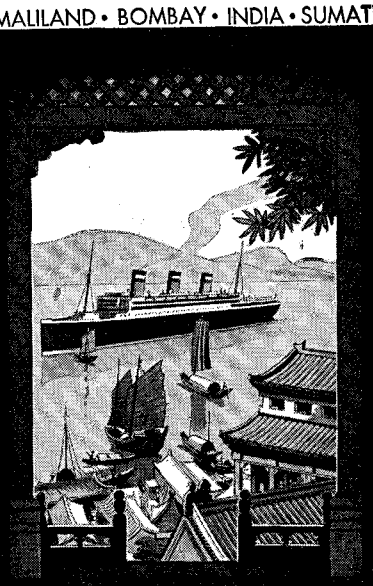

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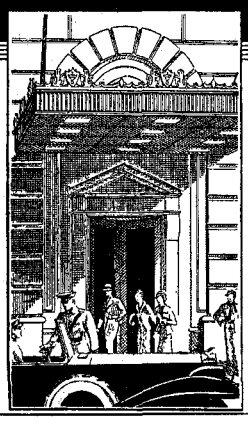

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OUR ROSTRUM

ford's splendid "What Religion Means to Me." I found the rest of the magazine quite as satisfying. You are to be congratulated not simply on the quality of individual articles but on the uniformity and rare balance of the whole magazine.

I enjoy THE FORUM more and more each succeeding month. It is often challenging, sometimes disturbing, always interesting. I take it up with zest and lay it down with reluctance. My files are filled with your pages, to which I refer again and again. Thank God THE FORUM is a national institution which needs no "recovery." May it simply continue. . . .

RUSSELL C. STROUP
Newport Beach, Cal.

FOR MR. LEACOCK

To the Editor:

. . . As one who is acquainted with some of the personalities connected with this matter and who had an opportunity to acquire first-hand knowledge of the historical and political aspects of this problem, I have read Mr. Leacock's article ("Will the Hapsburgs Rule Again?" August FORUM) with keen interest.

I have perused many articles as well as books dealing with this subject. Very few of these presented facts correctly and I have not as yet seen any written impartially and presenting an unbiased point of view. The article written by Mr. Leacock not only relates facts correctly in their main outline, but to anyone who is acquainted with every phase of this problem, its impartiality is evident. I am, therefore, taking the liberty of congratulating you. Mr. Leacock's article is a very handsome contribution to the high literary standard to which the readers of THE FORUM are accustomed.

NICHOLAS H. POYZL
New Monmouth, N. J.

A FARMER SPEAKS

To the Editor:

I should like to submit a farmer's comment on two items, found in the August FORUM, relating to government and agriculture.

Dr. G. F. Warren (as shown in his FORUM article, "The New Dollar") consistently adheres to the simple principle of raising the price level to restore buying power. He maintains that there is no agricultural surplus requiring an artificial reduction, and uses the happy illustration of cotton shirts and sheets. He apparently scores on that — but I fail to see how he can similarly explain away our large domestic surplus of wheat and lard. Can the cadaverous public stow it all away as soon as its pockets are full again? The President is not trusting re-employment to mere inflation, but is administering a powerful dose of NIRA to industry. I am afraid the farmer is going to fall behind

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PACIFIC LIGHTING CORPORATION. A description of the history and development of the corporation, location of properties, and the financial statements of the holding company and its subsidiaries. Pacific Lighting Corp., 433 California St., San Francisco, Calif.

HOW TO PROTECT YOUR CAPITAL AND ACCELERATE ITS GROWTH. When to buy and when to sell — an interesting discussion of these questions from the technical viewpoint is presented in this folder. A. W. Wetsel Advisory Service, 1540 Chrysler Bldg., New York City.

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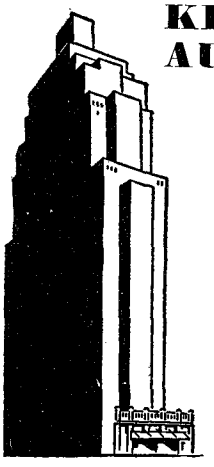

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unless he gets his stimulant, too, in some form of production control.

Also, I should like to retouch the prejudiced picture of the old Farm Board that James Truslow Adams gives in the article entitled, "Has History Value?" He insinuates that it was principally intended to disturb markets with huge buying operations. If I recall my history aright, Hoover's Farm Act which brought the Farm Board into being was particularly intended to help establish huge cooperative marketing associations for each commodity, thus giving the farmers collectively a chance at merchandising instead of dumping their products. Unfortunately, due to inertia, organized opposition, and the "rugged individualism" of the farmer, this aid never materialized enough so that we on the farm could notice it. So the Farm Board turned to the only means it had left — talking — and buying wheat — which, we are ready to admit, never got it anywhere. In contrast, the present administration's program of agricultural production control has teeth in it and is ready to deliver the goods if the farmers are not such numbskulls as to turn them down.

WENDELL S. CLAMPITT

New Providence, Ia.

CHICAGO TEACHERS

To the Editor:

Milton S. Mayer ("When Teachers Strike," August FORUM) can write a good story, but it is painfully evident that he was never inside the Chicago schools. He is also unaware that definite information about the constituency of the teaching force is available.

He says: "The elementary teacher in Chicago (where salaries are 25 per cent under New York and lower than in most large cities) goes through college and a good deal of misery for his $2500 a year." . . .

The Annual Report of the Superintendent of Schools, Chicago, Illinois, June, 1925, pages 43 and 44, says that a sampling of ten elementary schools drawn by lot indicates that 27.15 per cent of their teachers had only a high school education or less. The higher salaries paid to elementary teachers in New York and numerous other cities are paid to teachers with at least one college degree. In Volume IV of the Report of the Survey of the Schools of Chicago, Illinois, by Teachers' College, Columbia University, 1932, page 313, is a table showing the educational preparation of the instructors in the Crane Junior College of Chicago. One-third of these people had only bachelors' degrees, despite the fact that men and women with doctors' degrees are available. Chicago has a large body of undereducated teachers who are overpaid.

We also quote from Mr. Mayer: "That able, impeccable superintendent of schools

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Monthly Suggestions

Each month, we will send to all instructors who wish this service, valuable suggestions for teaching, with ideas, suggestions, subjects for themes, etc., based on the month's issue. *This service is free of charge.*

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refused to 'go along' with the Thompson crowd, and in a twinkling the ways were greased under him because he was 'pro-British.'" Undereducated teachers supplied the grease. I taught in Chicago high schools sixteen years and I have done three years of postgraduate work in economics and sociology.

In Volume IV of the Columbia Survey of the Chicago schools, page 41, are these significant statements: "Despite the fact that elementary schools have been planned to provide space for school libraries, such space is usually utilized as storage room for sets of textbooks. In many cases such rooms are used as centers for medical examinations and other services. . . . Despite the appropriation for library books, practically no elementary schools in Chicago have purchased books which make the library very useful as a device for adjusting the school to certain needs of the pupils." On page 212 of this volume is a table which shows that five junior high schools have no libraries at all.

Dr. George S. Counts in *School and Society in Chicago*, page 230, says: "In Chicago the ancient religious rivalries exist in full strength. The population of the city is drawn entirely from three great faiths. According to the best estimates obtainable, approximately 45 per cent of the inhabitants may be classed as Protestant in either affiliation or sympathy, 45 per cent as Catholic, and 10 per cent as Jewish." Dr. Counts' book is dated 1928. Since 1930 there has been a considerable exodus of unemployed to the country. Protestants have relatives in the country and in small towns. Catholics undoubtedly rule Chicago at the present time. Many of them teach in the public schools. They are good policemen in petticoats who like large classes and high salaries.

CAROLINE BENGTSON

Hastings, Neb.

PRAISE FOR MR. OSTRINSKY

My dear Mr. Ostrinsky:

I just received your letter of August 28 with a copy of the September FORUM containing your article on "A Five-Billion-Dollar Customer — *America's Opportunity in Russia.*" However, I had just read your article and had called my stenographer to the desk to write you about it. In fact, I not only read it but I made a study of the items of both import and export which you list. I am quite sure you have not overstated the case. In fact, on their ability to pay for such a bill I think you have been very conservative, and I am sure they could pay for it in much less than twenty-five years. I am also sure they will need every item you list for import and that they will be able to furnish every item you list for export.

SMITH W. BROOKHART

Washington, D. C.

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THE
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HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

Next Month

HAS CANADA SOLVED THE LIQUOR PROBLEM?

William Phillips

The Eighteenth Amendment is doomed. What is going to replace it? If the Canadians have the answer, Mr. Phillips, former American Minister to Canada and now Under-Secretary of State, is in a position to tell about it.

THE TROUBLE WITH AMERICAN COLLEGES

A Symposium

So great has been the response to THE FORUM'S discussion of this question in the September number that the Editor has collected comments on it by numerous prominent persons here and abroad. These will include, among others, James Truslow Adams, Dean Inge, Harold W. Dodds, F. G. Crookshank, William Beebe, Francis Hackett, Irving Maurer, Robert E. Vinson, and Charles T. Hallinan.

WHAT RELIGION MEANS TO ME

Viscountess Nancy Astor

The lady from Virginia who is an M.P. follows Eleanor Roosevelt, Mary Pickford, and Pearl Buck with the fourth paper of a series. This confession of a practical faith is highly illuminating.

AMERICAN MINDS IN LITERATURE

Mary M. Colum

The third article of her series begins Mrs. Colum's discussions of recent books. Here is criticism from a refreshingly new point of view.

ORTEGA Y GASSETT

Mildred Adams

When *The Revolt of the Masses* was translated and published in this country, its author became famous overnight. Of his life and work, his immense services to Spain, little is known, and it is the burden of this paper to shed light on them.

PENSIONS FOR RETIREMENT

Louis I. Dublin

This is a sober presentation, buttressed by facts and figures, of the subject of old-age pensions. It is a practical article by a man of long experience in the field.

TIPS FROM THE ANTS

John Langdon-Davies

Continuing his series of articles on scientific subjects, Mr. Davies writes a non-technical account of some of the highlights of ant civilization. His comparative allusions to our own are not entirely flattering.

OTHER FEATURES

A paper in which the National Securities Act is reduced to understandable terms, by George E. Bates and William O. Douglas; *They Don't Speak Our Language*, by H. T. Webster; poems by Haniel Long and Richard Aldington.

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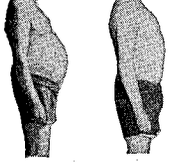
This 65-year-old man can now hold his HAT between his PRESENT waistline and his FORMER one! Thousands don't have "bay-window" worries any more either. They've found a new, very simple way to rid themselves of all surplus Abdominal Fat — and the Constipation, Indigestion, and general Sluggishness that so often go with it.

NOW, for the first time, a simple method for the SPECIFIC purpose of reducing the waistline! NOT for *general* reduction — but EXCLUSIVELY for sagging fat at this vital spot. This new way is creating a sensation. Men tell how they have rid themselves of 2 to 18 inches of unwanted waistline.



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TOASTS

LILLIAN D. WALD'S article, "Prohibition and 'The Four Million,'" is a chapter from her forthcoming book about the Henry Street Settlement House in New York. This work will bring the story of her former book, *The House on Henry Street*, which ended with the year 1915, down to the present day.

MARY M. COLUM, critic and author, will write for THE FORUM next month the third of her series on literary topics. This one will comment on several recent books by Americans.

A VICTIM, author of "The Folly of Homeowning," is a graduate of Stanford and Yale, has studied abroad, and has edited a magazine in this country. He is now an executive of a nationally known financial organization.

ROSE MACAULEY is a well-known English writer of satirical novels. She was brought up in Italy and now divides her time between London and Beaconsfield. Her last book was *The Shadow Flies*, published a year ago.

VITA AND JOSEPH FRIEND, who are Mrs. and Mr. Friend, are graduates of the University of Wisconsin. Mr. Friend teaches English at Indiana University. Mrs. Friend has recently been studying political problems at Syracuse.

NORMAN HAPGOOD is an earlier contributor to THE FORUM as well as to other publications. He has also been variously a dramatic critic, a magazine editor, and American Minister to Denmark.

JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES prefers to be called an educator rather than a scientist. He has lived in South Africa, England, and Spain and has now permanently settled in New York.

GUY GILPATRIC served with the air force in France during the late war. Successful in short-story writing, he later withdrew from the advertising business to live abroad with his wife. "Brownstone Front" will be included in a new volume of stories to appear this winter.

ALICIA O'REARDON OVERBECK, a native of Sacramento, lives in Baltimore. She recently returned there after a sojourn in Germany. She has published a book for children and is working on another.

E. MERRILL ROOT teaches English at Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana. He has published two volumes of poetry.

WINGATE M. JOHNSON graduated from Jefferson Medical College and has practiced in Winston-Salem ever since.

MILTON S. MAYER studied at the University of Chicago and is now employed by a newspaper of that city.

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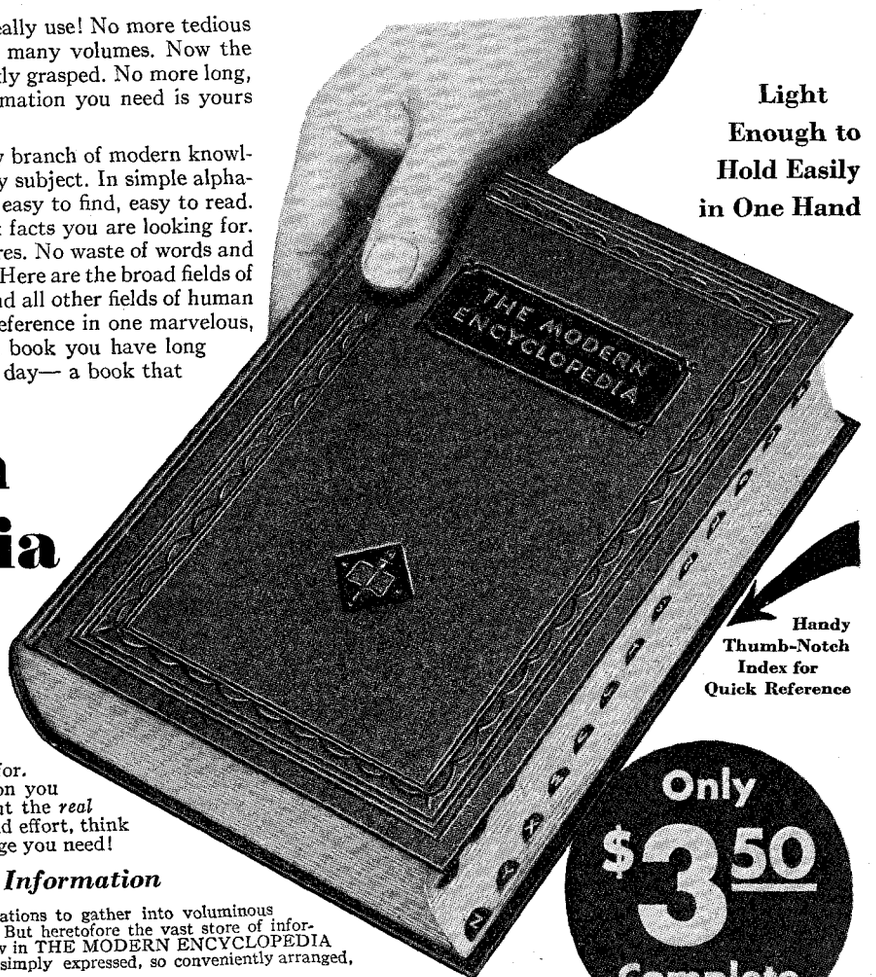

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

SEEDS OF REVOLT, by Mauritz A. Hallgren (Knopf, $2.50). Rumors of revolution have hung darkly in the air ever since the depression. If the people are really hungry, said the complacent, why do they not rise? In an attempt to clarify these matters, Mauritz A. Hallgren, Associate Editor of *The Nation*, has made a painstaking study of the life and temper of the American people during the past four years. That hunger has actually existed on a wide scale he proves indisputably. He further proves, contrary to common opinion, that popular unrest has taken active form in numerous strikes, food riots, street demonstrations, and other forms of disorder. Both the proletariat and the middle classes have been seething with rebellion. For a revolution, however, one must have leaders — and Mr. Hallgren finds that leadership has been signally lacking. Despite his tributes to the Communist party, he doubts that the future lies in that direction. The immediate drift, as he sees it, is towards fascism or state absolutism, and he believes that while the capitalist crisis is inevitable, the proletarian revolution is not. *Seeds of Revolt* is a discouraged and depressing book — but it will repay careful reading.

CRY HAVOC, by Beverley Nichols (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). Surprisingly, that erstwhile Bright Young Man, Mr. Beverley Nichols, has abandoned his wisecracks and his epigrams to appear in a new rôle. Of his sincerity there can be no question. The specter of war, with all its cruelty and stupidity, has risen to haunt Mr. Nichols, and he has in consequence written a book which is both a protest and a warning. Not content with mere word-of-mouth pacificism, Mr. Nichols took the trouble to visit various armament factories in person, and to acquaint himself in detail with the plans for new forms of death-dealing which are brewing everywhere. His report, especially where it concerns the inadequacy of means of defense, is the more disturbing because of the almost naive passion and vehemence with which Mr. Nichols writes. He does not succeed in coming to as definite or as satisfactory conclusions as he, or the reader, could wish — but he lays bare his personal problem with a vigor which is undeniably stimulating. *Cry Havoc* is an angry, emotional, honest book. Even a confirmed militarist could hardly read it unmoved.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ALICE B. TOKLAS, by Gertrude Stein (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50). Whether or not her eventual place in literature is as high as she anticipates, Gertrude Stein is unquestionably a prime gossip. As everyone knows by now, this "autobiography" of her faithful secretary and companion was actually written by Miss Stein — a trick which permits Miss Toklas to make some deliciously laudatory estimates. It is an engrossing record. One catches a glimpse of Miss Stein at Radcliffe and Johns Hopkins, shares her young days in Paris, when she first became intimate with Matisse and Picasso, follows her astonishing progress as a writer, a *saloniste*, and a patron of the arts. Hemingway, Mabel Dodge Luhan, Van Vechten, and Sherwood Anderson were some of her American disciples and intimates — not to mention most of artistic Paris. Her vignettes of the celebrities she has known are acid, arrogant, and amusing, and she pronounces her verdicts with the regal egotism which gives her book half of its charm. The merely anecdotal plays too large a part in her recollections, and the account of her war experience is definitely dull, but on the whole this odd autobiography is as unique and vigorous as Gertrude Stein herself. It might be well to add, incidentally, that despite occasional eccentricities, it is not written in the baffling style for which Miss Stein is famous.

NO SECOND SPRING, by Janet Beith (Stokes, $2.50). If it had not been handicapped by a grandiose $20,000 prize, this tender and melancholy tale might have seemed more striking than it does. The scene is a wild and lonely parish in the Scotch Highlands in the opening years of the nineteenth century. Rebuffed by the dour fanaticism of her preacher-husband, the dreamy, childlike Allison is drawn to an artist who offers her a different vision of life. Her love dawns shyly, only to be renounced. Loneliness, docility, and childbearing are inexorably her portion. Miss Beith, the niece of Ian Hay, tells this simple, rather old-fashioned story with real charm and sensitiveness — but unfortunately the prize which it won seems distinctly excessive. *No Second Spring* is good — but no better than a dozen novels which have appeared during the past six months.

TESTAMENT OF YOUTH, by Vera Brittain (Macmillan, $2.50). This movingly honest record of a life that was drained and darkened by the war should be placed on a shelf beside Storm Jameson's *No Time Like the Present*. Vera Brittain, novelist and lecturer, was twenty when the war broke out. After a dreary experience of provincial young-ladyhood, she was about to enter Somerville — where in fact she spent a fairly untroubled year. Then life caught her up. For four gruelling years she was a V.A.D., nursing both at home and in France. Her fiancé, her brother, and her brother's most intimate friends were all killed. When she at last went back to Oxford after the war, she was tired, empty, prematurely old, and she was

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

faced with a new generation which was anxious to forget as quickly as possible all that had meant most to her. Cheated of youth and love, it took her years to find again a satisfactory foothold on life. Miss Brittain has told this story with a tolerance, a richness of background and detail which gives it far more than a merely personal significance. She speaks, and speaks tellingly, for a whole generation. This autobiography of her first thirty years is infinitely more engrossing than the average novel.

MANDOA, MANDOA!, by Winifred Holtby (Macmillan, $2.50). Anyone who misses this book is deliberately depriving himself of uproarious pleasure. The precise object of Miss Holtby's satire is not always clear, but though her shots are scattered she is invariably amusing. Mandoa, a small African principality somewhere in the Sudan, was partially initiated into European ways through the accidental stranding there of an American cinema company. His appetite whetted, the Lord High Chamberlain was only too happy to encourage the exploitation of Mandoa by Sir Joseph Prince of Prince's Tours, Ltd. With the aid of a carefully contrived Royal Wedding, Mandoa became for a time the fad of Europe and a Mecca for the jaded. Then the essential cleavage between two civilizations ended the comedy. Miss Holtby's most palpable hits are scored against British imperialism and the brassy vulgarity of the effete west. For good measure she has added a love story, a dozen or more credible characters, and such gems of humor as the code of manners prescribed for Mandoans at the Royal Wedding. *Mandoa, Mandoa!* is a brilliantly entertaining, and occasionally very cutting, satire.

THE BLACK BOXER, by H. E. Bates (Ballou, $2.00). Together with H. A. Manhood and Malachi Whitaker, whom he somewhat resembles, Mr. Bates is one of the best of the younger British short-story writers. Simple, quiet-toned, exquisitely written, these stories of rural life are as good as their predecessors.

LAMB IN HIS BOSOM, by Caroline Miller (Harper, $2.00). Admirers of *As the Earth Turns* should like this novel — and quite possibly some of them may like it better. Beautifully and tenderly written, it is the story of a family of pioneers who struggled for a livelihood in the Georgia wilderness just before the Civil War. Staunch little Cean Carver, who bore her husband fourteen children, is the ostensible heroine of the book — but even more interesting than she is her sister-in-law, Margot, who sacrificed a wanton life of gayety on the coast to become as sturdy, as courageous, as enduring as any of the born Carvers.

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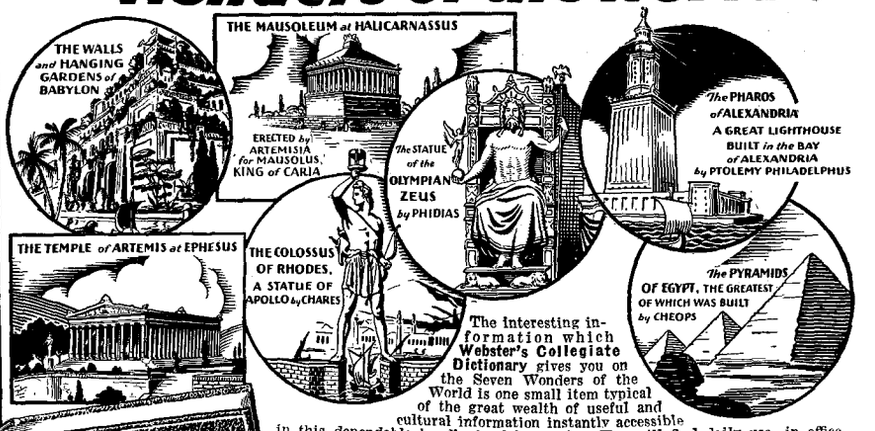
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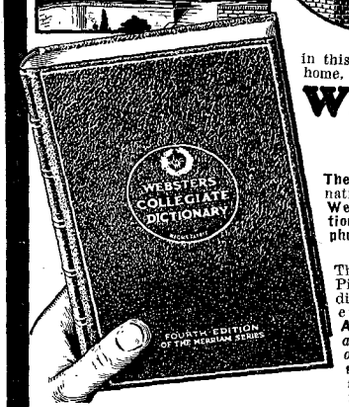

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FOOTNOTE TO YOUTH, by José Garcia Villa (Scribner's, $2.50). Both as a short-story writer and as the editor of his own little magazine, *Clay*, Mr. Villa attracted considerable attention when he first came to this country from the Philippines a few years ago. Still astonishingly youthful, he has a very individual talent which may or may not ripen further. Sensuous, intense, highly emotional, his tales are so close to poetry that one wonders, in fact, whether he has chosen the right field. His best stories are those which deal with Filipino life — though one doubts that they will be warmly appreciated by any but connoisseurs of the modern short story.

NO MORE TRUMPETS, by George Milburn (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). Akin to Ring Lardner in his humor, his bitter irony, and his gift for mimicry, George Milburn is one of the best of the younger American satirists. Like his earlier book, *Oklahoma Town*, this volume of tales deals for the most part with small-town dullards and Babbitts. Mr. Milburn himself, however, is never dull. His stories bite and sting as literature should.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS, by Richard Strachey (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). The third brilliant young Strachey to appear in print within the year has the family talent for smoothness and wit. Starting off innocuously with the childhood of its hero, *Many Happy Returns* suddenly develops into a very smart, very modern, very naughty account of non-moral gayeties in London. It is all rather clever, distinctly pointless, and somewhat reminiscent of Noel Coward, Aldous Huxley, and the Waughs. It also tends to prove that dexterity, even from a Strachey, is not enough.

TO A GOD UNKNOWN, by John Steinbeck (Ballou, $2.00). If Mr. Steinbeck were not an unusually powerful and poetic writer this novel would seem as grossly implausible as by rights it should. The story of an earth-mystic from Vermont who went a-pioneering in old California, it has an uncanny, half-mad atmosphere which somehow binds the reader with its spell. Those who like the book at all will probably like it a lot.

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working principle of Rhodes the empire-builder, and the reader of Mrs. Millin's biography had best accept it as well. For he will find here no critical estimate of Rhodes the imperialist — neither of his swollen imagination nor his gigantic energy nor his corrupt use of power. The author, herself a South African, is indeed at some pains to avoid such judgment on either moral or pragmatic grounds. Rather she confines herself mostly to a somewhat tense, rapid, and often redundant style of reporting. She does attain vividness accompanied by not too much confusion, and it is to be wished chiefly that since she practically excludes critical comment on Rhodes' public life she had included his more personal history at greater length.

REQUIEM, by A. E. Fisher (John Day, $2.50). This is a powerful book. It beats on one's nerves like the incessant thundering of the radios in the dingy city streets where the story goes on. The appalling noise of the radio, the jangle of traffic, and the confused voice of crowds are the orchestration of this cacophonous requiem — this seems the author's intention — for an age which to its own destruction has permitted the chivying and harrying of millions of simple people. The family group whose lives come to a climax in the week covered by the story are too pressed by the necessities of life to develop any of the higher virtues. They do the best they can; but they meet situations in the only way possible to their rasped, bewildered nerves, and that is by physical violence. What gives the book distinction is its warm humanity, its lack of special pleading, its humor, and its poetry.

ENTERTAINING THE ISLANDERS, by Struthers Burt (Scribner's, $2.50). Mr. Burt's new novel is about a group of civilized people who not only enjoy, but actually participate in, intelligent conversations. During a holiday on a composite Caribbean Island, which has a stratum of Nepenthe in its geology, the hero and heroine come to realize certain important truths: the amusing and terrifying likeness between a primitive jungle and New York life in its upper intellectual circles, the disingenuousness of the advertising trade (at which the hero makes his living), and the superiority of existence in the country. In the course of a tremendous amount of very contemporary talk, and through the agency of the avuncular hedonist Julius Wack, there are carried through to a satisfactory conclusion a good love story, a near-tragedy, a lifelike hurricane, and some amusing minor characters.

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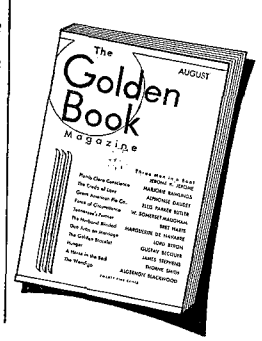
Guest Editor
for December



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233 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
FOR. 11-33

I am enclosing $1 for the next six issues of the GOLDEN BOOK, beginning with M. Tarkington's November number. (*The regular price of* GOLDEN BOOK *is $3 a year.*)

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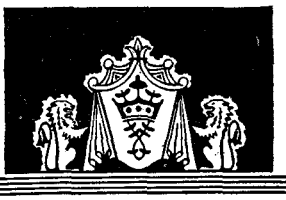

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Autumn will bring many distinguished guests to the Hotel St. Regis . . . where one meets a warm welcome that never wears out . . . where thick-walled quiet, seclusion and convenience of location transform the casual visit into a memorable occasion. Single rooms: $4, $5, $6. Double rooms: $7, $8. Parlor, bedroom and bath: $10 to $20. Menu prices revised.

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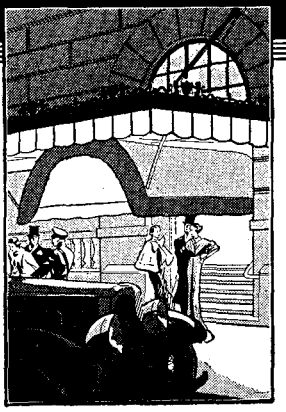

BOOKS IN BRIEF

persons, will rightly be perturbed by this book — which ought, also, to cause an appalled flutter in the office of Mr. Hays. Children, it seems, make up thirty-seven per cent of the movie audience. Few of them are immune from the influence of Hollywood, which has come to constitute a kind of supplementary educational system. Mr. Forman describes the alarming retentiveness of their minds, as proved by tests, the deleterious effect of movie-going on their habits of sleep, the way in which adolescents pattern their conduct after screen stars, the incentives which the movies provide for sexual delinquency and crime. Any bright person could have figured out some of the findings for himself, but much of Mr. Forman's information is new and is presented with a deadly weight of factual backing. He writes well and moralizes very little. He does not need to. The moral is self-evident.

CONGO SOLO, by Emily Hahn (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.75). The bright, elaborate casualness of this travel diary is deliberately misleading. Adventuring along to Africa, Emily Hahn had a more harrowing time of it than she, as a *New Yorker* contributor, is prepared to admit. After an exhausting journey into the interior of the Belgian Congo, Miss Hahn joined a friend, Den Murray, who was stationed at a small medical post woefully ill-equipped with supplies. For some nine months she helped him doctor the natives, learned their customs, saw them die of infection and preventable disease. Murray's household was composed of a ludicrous mixture of black servants, monkeys, and other jungle pets, and Miss Hahn, characteristically, devotes rather more time to the humor of the Congo than to its rigors. *Congo Solo* is a vivid, informal, and amusing book, only slightly marred by Miss Hahn's tendency to strike a gallant, offhand pose and to wisecrack where wisecracks are not quite appropriate.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LIVERPOOL IRISH SLUMMY, by Pat O'Mara (Vanguard, $2.50). One would have to be very hard-boiled in order to read this book without wincing. Pat O'Mara, who is now a taxi driver in Baltimore, was brought up in the filth and unbelievable degradation of the Liverpool slums. All his childhood he was an eyewitness to waterside vice; he spent some months in the local workhouse; he and his little sister were always in agonized dread of their drunken father, whom they more than once prevented from killing their mother. Pat O'Mara tells this sordid story soberly, forthrightly, and with a minimum of consciously dramatic effects. It is the more bitterly effective because of his restraint. A better-trained writer might not have done so well.

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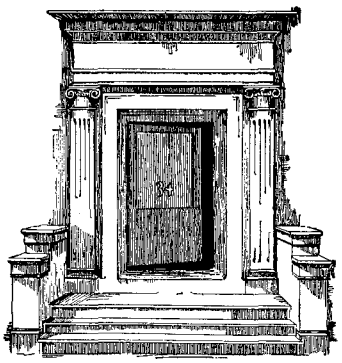

The Open Door

of the

NEW YORK CITY CANCER COMMITTEE

34 East 75th Street, New York, N. Y

To this open door last year over two thousand people came seeking, and received, free advice and help.

Keep this door open in 1934.

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The sale of these labels and voluntary contributions are the Committee's only source of income in its work of helping those victims of cancer who are unable to help themselves.

Will you help?

Pamphlets and other information are furnished free on request. Write or telephone to the address above, or, if you live outside the Metropolitan area, to the American Society for the Control of Cancer, New York, N. Y.

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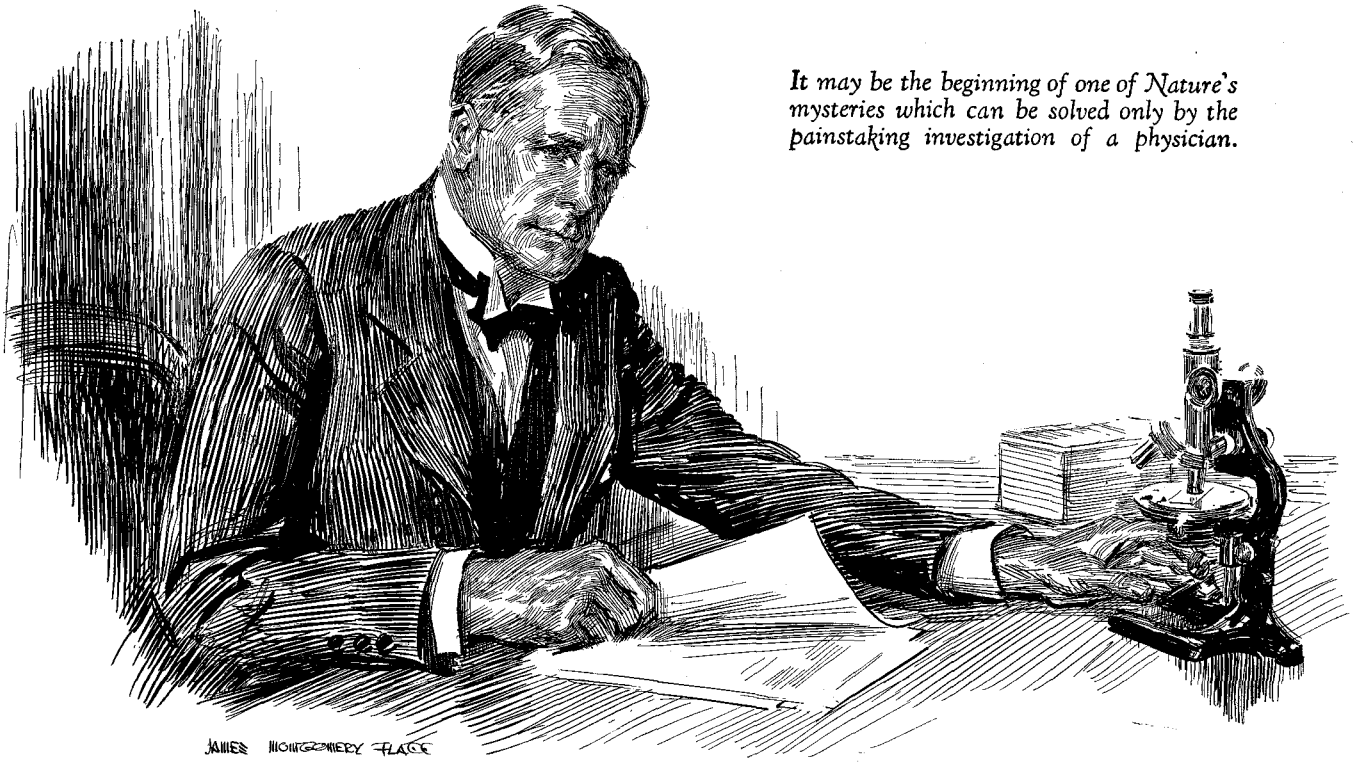
The Anemia Mystery



It may be the beginning of one of Nature's mysteries which can be solved only by the painstaking investigation of a physician.

WHEN, without apparent reason, someone you care for—young or old—complains of feeling tired or exhausted and begins to lose color, becoming paler and weaker as the days go by, you may have good cause to suspect some form of anemia.

The anemic person lacks good red blood.

Sometimes anemia is a symptom of a condition which is unknown or neglected by the sufferer and which may be either slight or serious. A frequent, though small, loss of blood, a wasting disease, or infections in the body may produce anemia. If, however, the cause is diligently searched for—and can be removed or corrected—the anemia will usually disappear under proper treatment.

Anemia may also be caused by a lack in the diet of certain food elements necessary for normal blood formation — especially when there are associated functional defects (often symptomless) of the stomach and intestines. A correct diet alone sometimes conquers such anemia. But proper treatment with an appropriate quantity and quality of iron is often of fundamental importance in producing a sufficient amount of blood coloring matter.

People may also become anemic because they are unable to utilize from an adequate diet the food material necessary to make red corpuscles. This may be dependent upon a deficiency in the function of the digestive organs. The most common type of such anemia is called by doctors Pernicious Anemia. Until recently it was always fatal. In 1926, however, an incredibly simple remedy was found—liver.

Pernicious Anemia can now be kept under control by the regular use of liver or an effective substitute PROVIDED A PROPER AMOUNT IS PRESCRIBED FROM TIME TO TIME FOR EACH INDIVIDUAL CASE. But—liver or potent substitutes are not a panacea for all forms of anemia. Although they save lives in cases of pernicious and allied anemia, they are frequently ineffective in treating the ordinary forms of the condition.

If there is an anemia mystery in your family, don't guess about it. Ask your doctor to find the solution.

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